LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING A

JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND.

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IN THE AUTUMN OF

1841.

BY MRS. ASHTON YATES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
DUNCAN AND MALCOLM,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1843.

LONDON:
Printed by Manning and Mason,
Ivy Lane, St. Paul's.

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LETTER XXVIII.

Berne.

My dear Children,

Switzerland continued under French domination until 1801, when the Peace of Luneville, between France and Austria, was signed, by which the independence of the Helvetic Republic was recognised. The French troops were consequently ordered to evacuate that country, and a Diet was held at Schwytz, for the re-establishment of the old confederation of the Thirteen Cantons. All the factions were now awakened, and violent commotions broke out afresh; the towns were desirous of having their old privileges and monopolies; the old cantons wanted to resume their authority over their former subjects; the Abbot of St. Gall attempted to recover his territories; the partisans

of federalism were opposed to those of unity of government—so that a civil war appeared inevitable. Bonaparte, then first consul, not wishing Switzerland to be again plunged into confusion, sent Colonel Rapp, in October 1802, to Berne, with a circular addressed to the Cantons, offering his mediation for the settlement of all their difficulties; while at the same time he ordered General Ney to keep himself ready with a body of troops on the frontiers of Switzerland, to enforce compliance. The message to the Cantons stated, that the First Consul had not intended to meddle with their internal affairs, in the hope that they would come to some amicable arrangement among themselves; and that, as a proof of his disinterested regard for their independence, he had recalled the French troops from their territory. But yet, after passing three years in continual disputes, they were as far removed from a final adjustment as ever. "If you are left longer to yourselves," the message proceeded to say, "you will go on killing each other for some years, perhaps without any better chance of coming to an understanding. I must

mediate between you: but I expect that my mediation shall be final, and that you will accept it as a new benefit of the Providence which, in the midst of so many vicissitudes, still watches over the existence and the independence of your nation. My mediation is now the only means you have left of preserving both." He then directed, as the preliminary conditions of his mediation, that the actual central Helvetic government, that had been established, should return to Berne; that the new governments, councils, and magistrates, which had been instituted during the late disturbances, should dissolve themselves, and that the new levies should be disarmed. Deputies were to be sent to Paris by the Helvetic Legislative Council, and likewise by each separate canton; and all those citizens, who during the last three years had filled situations in the central government, might also repair to Paris, in order to consider and suggest the best measures to be adopted for conciliating differences.

The democratic party readily accepted the proffered mediation, but the partisans of the old

aristocracies wished to gain time. Among those who repaired to Paris there was still the great division of "Unitaries," or partisans of a single republic, and Federalists.

Bonaparte inclined towards the latter, apparently because he believed the federal principle to be the best adapted to the habits and geographical circumstances of the Swiss.

The sentiments which he expressed to the Swiss deputies assembled at Paris, are marked by a sincerity, clear-sightedness, and disinterestedness that are very striking.

"Switzerland," said he, "is like no other country; its topography, the varieties in its language and religion, and still more in its manners and social habits, give peculiar features to the land and the people. Nature itself has made your country for a federal state, and it is not wise to oppose nature.

"Circumstances, and the character of ages gone by, had established amongst you ruling commonwealths and subject districts. New circumstances, and the spirit of a new age, more consistent with

justice and reason, have now established political equality over all parts of your territory. Several of your Cantons have followed for centuries a system of the purest democracy. In others, some families gradually possessed themselves of power,—and thus the commonwealth became divided between sovereigns and subjects. The example of the political condition of your neighbours of Italy, Savoy, France, and other countries, contributed also to form and to maintain this state of things amongst you; but the spirit of those countries is now altered; and a full renunciation of all exclusive privileges is both the wish and the interest of your people in general.

"The most important affair to begin with, is the internal organization of each of your Cantons, after which their respective relations with each other will be determined. Your central administration is, in fact, of much less importance than your cantonal one. There can be no uniformity of administration amongst you; you have never kept a standing army; your finances are of necessity very limited; you never had permanent diplomatic

agents at the capitals of the other powers. Placed among the mountains which divide France, Italy, and Germany, you partake of the character of each of those countries. The neutrality of your country, the prosperity of your commerce, and a domestic and family-like administration—these are the things which suit you best. This is the language I have held to all your deputies who have hitherto consulted me about your affairs; but the very men who seemed best to understand its reasonableness were attached by interest to the old system of privileges, and had therefore a bias unfavourable to France. Nevertheless, neither France nor the Italian Republic can allow a system to prevail amongst you which would be in opposition to theirs. The politics of Switzerland are necessarily allied to those of France."

As the Swiss deputies could not agree among themselves concerning the fundamental principles of the cantonal governments, Bonaparte called together five deputies of each party, Unitarian and Federalist. A conference took place between them and the First Consul, on the 28th of January,

which lasted from one till eight o'clock. On this occasion Bonaparte again spoke the language of a friendly and sincere mediator. The Unitarian party wanted to interfere with the pure democracies of the little cantons; which was opposed by Bonaparte. "The re-establishment of pure democracy in the smaller cantons," said he, "is become the most suitable arrangements for them. These little democracies have been the cradle of your liberty; it is they that distinguish Switzerland from the rest of the world, and render your country so very interesting in the eyes of Europe. Without them, you would be like the rest of the Continent, you would bear no characteristic sign: mark well the importance of this: it is the peculiar features of your ancient democracies which make you appear unlike any of the modern states, and which thereby preclude the idea of confounding and incorporating you with the neighbouring countries.

"Those mountain democracies constitute real Switzerland, to which the cantons of the plain have been annexed at a later period.

"I know that the system of those little republics

has its inconveniences—that it does not perhaps stand the test of reason: but, after all, it has been established for centuries; it has originated in the nature of the country, the climate, the wants, the primitive habits, of the people; it suits the peculiarities of the soil; and we must not pretend to be right in spite of necessity. The institutions of the little cantons may be unreasonable, but they are established by long and still popular customs. When custom and reason are in opposition, the first generally carries the day.

"You wish to abolish or modify the Landsgemeinde, but then you must talk no longer of democracies or republics. A free people does not like to be deprived of its direct exercise of sovereignty; it does not know, or does not relish, those modern inventions of a representative system, which destroy the essential attributes of a republic. And besides, why would you deprive those shepherds of the only excitement they can have in their otherwise monotonous existence?

"With regard to the town cantons, or former aristocracies," he resumed, "every exclusive family-

privilege being abolished, the Members of the Great Council should be for life; subject, however, to the scrutiny of their conduct every two years. The qualifications of an elector should consist of his being a citizen of the canton, and being possessed of at least five hundred *Swiss francs* of property. No bachelor should vote before he is thirty years of age. The elections should be direct, and not through the electoral bodies. Each tribe or district should choose among the candidates of the other districts. The Little Council, or Executive, should be renewed by one-third every two years.

"In the new cantons, formerly subject to the old cantons, the social principle being more popular and democratic, the Members of the Great Council should not be for life. This ought to be the principal difference between the new cantons and the old ones. With regard to other details—the organization of the judicial system, etc.—these," observed the First Consul, "ought to be left to the legislature; the constitution is merely to determine the mode in which the laws are made. If

the constitution enters into too many details, it becomes liable, sooner or later, to be violated.

"With regard to the institution of the jury," he continued, "it might prove dangerous in times of political excitement; for then juries are apt to judge through passion: we, at least, find it so in France."

After discussing other matters, he proceeded to say:—"This mediation in your affairs has given me, I assure you, a great deal of trouble, and I hesitated long before I embarked in it. It is a difficult task for me to give constitutions to countries which I know but very imperfectly. Should my appearance on your stage prove unsuccessful, I should be hissed, which is a thing I do not like. But now, all Europe expects France to settle the affairs of Switzerland; for it is acknowledged by all Europe, that Switzerland, as well as Italy and Holland, are at the disposal of France."

In conclusion, Bonaparte observed—"that the attempt to unite Switzerland into one republic had completely failed; that a federal Diet, con-

sisting of deputies named by the various cantons, should assemble every year in one of the principal towns, and decide upon all matters which concern the whole confederation, as well as mediate in all differences between one canton and another; and that there should be no central directing canton; but that the Landamman of the canton where the diet meets for the year should transact all federal affairs."

The Act of Mediation being composed upon these principles, it was solemnly delivered by the First Consul (19th February 1803), to Citizen Barthélemy, who gave it afterwards to the Landamman of Switzerland for that year.

The Swiss deputies soon after returned home, when all the cantons sent addresses of thanks to the First Consul; and the new constitution being carried into effect, the few French troops which had entered Switzerland finally evacuated the country.

From that time until 1814, Switzerland enjoyed internal peace. There were at first some ebullitions among the peasantry, especially in the canton of Zurich, where some of the country people refused

to take the oath to the new constitution, and at last broke out into open revolt. They were, however, soon put down by the militia, and their leaders punished; and this was the last heaving of the revolutionary wave.

During the years of confusion that had passed over Switzerland, the peasantry had attempted to free themselves from the payment of tithes, ground rents, fines on alienation, and other manorial charges; for popular commotions generally assume, sooner or later, the shape of resistance to payment, whether just or unjust. None of the Swiss governments, however, whether aristocratic or democratic, would sanction such an infraction of social contracts; they authorised an equitable commutation, but nothing more; even the property of the convents was restored to them. The affairs of Switzerland remained pretty much in *statu quo*, though gradually improving, until the Allied Sovereigns, after the defeat of Bonaparte — no longer First Consul but Emperor — in 1814, confirmed all that was good, and remedied much that till then remained defective. They also restored

the canton of the Valais, which had been dissevered from the Confederation during the period of the Revolution, and annexed to France by Bonaparte, who had also taken Neufchâtel from Prussia, and given it to General Berthier. Suspicions latterly arose in the minds of some of the far-sighted Swiss, that their country would not be long permitted to retain its independence.

It must, however, be admitted, that Napoleon's mediation in the affairs of Switzerland was perhaps the most liberal act of his whole political life; it was certainly the one of which he observed the conditions most faithfully. During the eleven momentous years that followed it, in the midst of the gigantic wars of the Empire, he respected his own work — the independence of Switzerland. That little territory, surrounded by immense armies, rested in peace, amidst the din of battles and the crash of falling kingdoms. No foreign soldier stepped over its tranquil boundaries. It was the only remaining asylum on the Continent where individual security and freedom were still to be found.

The Swiss were the only people exempt from the tyrannical code of the conscription: they furnished, however, a body of sixteen thousand men to the French service, as they had done under the old monarchy; but it was raised and kept effective only by voluntary enlistment.

The sagacity and penetration that Bonaparte shewed in the advice he gave to the Swiss are most remarkable; and indeed, such were almost invariably the characteristics of his mind, to say nothing of his genius, where his own interests, or what he conceived to be such, did not fill him with passion and prejudice, hurling him into ambition's mad career, "wild as the wave." He who could weigh so well conflicting probabilities where others were concerned, was blind to them in his own case; so true is what Burns has strikingly expressed—

> "If self the wavering balance shake,
> 'Tis rarely right adjusted."

LETTER XXIX.

Berne.

My last letter gave you an account of the act of mediation effected by Bonaparte, which restored comparative tranquillity to Switzerland; and subsequent events have placed Berne in even a more palmy state than formerly, and it has resumed its prominent situation in the confederation of the Swiss Cantons. Berne is a large town, consisting of many streets of houses of the best description, and all appendages thereunto belonging. It stands high, and overlooks the river Aar, which flows nearly round it. The mountains of the Oberland, or Bernese Alps, as they are called, are seen at a distance, in one continued

chain—a magnificent array. The Museum contains a particularly fine animal and geological collection of the products of Switzerland. Amongst the former is the skin of the dog Barry, who saved the lives of fifteen persons on Mount St. Bernard. He is placed in a good position, as if still looking down for the purpose of rescuing more unhappy victims.

There are also a great many stuffed bears, of all sizes. That animal is here held in especial honour, from the city being supposed to have derived its name from one.

Two colossal-sized bears, admirably carved in stone, were the first objects I saw on entering this city, where there are also several living bears kept in a den. An old lady, not many years ago, left these said bears and their legitimate heirs for ever, a legacy of sixty thousand francs, which bequest her heirs-at-law thought proper to dispute. The cause of the bears was nevertheless so well pleaded in a court of justice, that they gained the suit, and are now in the enjoyment of their benefactress's bounty. There are a great

many old wooden fountains in the streets, surmounted by a single figure, each representing some Swiss hero. There are no vestiges in this country of the ex-deities of Olympus, who formerly ruled the minds of men, and still in a degree have influence over their imaginative powers. Jupiter himself would be, in the estimation of the Swiss, only a paltry fellow compared to William Tell; and Hercules, with his club and lion's skin, not thought of in comparison with Winkelreid and his "sheaf of spears." Not even Venus, wearing the cestus that when lent to Juno subdued Jove to matrimonial fondness, could hope for observation, whilst the Jungfrau was in view. It is possible, however, that her son, banished as he is from a politer and more money-loving world, may here take refuge in one of his favourite disguises, and as a rustic youth wander in these rougher climes, for we are told by good authority in such matters, that "Love tunes the shepherd's reed;" but I am only guessing, knowing nothing whatever of his proceedings since my younger days, and I hear that he does not now exercise

his vocation as he did formerly, which, to say the truth, was mischievously enough, *mais on a changé tout cela.*

We have often seen that youth represented as guiding the lion, but the bear, I presume, would not suffer him to touch his shaggy coat; he must "bewar the bear" (as he does other rude animals), according to the Baron of Bradwardine's motto, who, I suppose, in former times derived his arms and device from this ancient city. In the centre of the principal street stands an antique watch-tower, surmounted by a clock, on which these favourite animals are represented as performing various evolutions just previous to the striking of the hour; a cock also comes out, and crows and claps its wings; and in another part the day of the month is indicated, and the sign of the Zodiac in which the sun may happen to be. The machinery is doubtless very elaborate which imparts so much amusement and information.

Having sufficiently admired this wonderful clock, we went to the cathedral, in the square immediately

before which a fine equestrian statue is now erecting of the late brave General D'Erlach.

The principal front of the cathedral is very rich in fine sculpture, representing the Day of Judgment; there are also some very graceful single figures of a larger size, of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, all well preserved from injury by a slight iron railing in front, and a deep overhanging arch, which serves the purpose of an umbrella in protecting them from the weather. The tower is only half built. The architect of the church (whose father erected the celebrated one at Strasburg) fell from the tower while superintending its progress, and was killed, since which it has never been completed. A broken pillar is often employed for a monument; here the unfinished tower answers the same purpose, and many a tomb might be adorned with memorials equally significant of baffled hopes and disappointed expectations, if the truth were told on monuments. On entering the church we were struck by some particularly fine painted glass windows of large dimensions. One of them was destroyed by

a storm, and could not be replaced so as to accord well with the others. A curtain hangs over the space it occupied, like that I have heard described at Venice, where a similar substitute fills the place of a guilty Doge. The cathedral was built in the fourteenth century, and was destined for the purposes of the Roman Catholic worship, which has been superseded by the Reformed religion. All the rich appendages belonging to the former, excepting a fine organ, have been removed; the side chapels, of which there are several, are unused and unornamented by altars, statues, and paintings; and the whole has the dreary unfurnished look of a mansion when the family are absent from home. In one of the side aisles are tablets of black marble, containing the names of all the officers and soldiers who fell fighting against the French in 1798; there is also a monument erected to the Avoyer of the same period, Monsieur Steiger, who joined General D'Erlach in remonstrating against the vacillating conduct of the Council of Berne, and finding all representations unavailing, resigned his office, and though seventy

years old, followed the disastrous fortunes of his friend, whom he never left again until they were constrained to seek refuge in flight. Steiger survived, having accidentally taken a different path on the evening D'Erlach was murdered. A cousin of mine married his grandaughter, a Miss Steiger, who has unfortunately become a widow. She resides near Berne, but being just now at the baths of Blumenstein with her family, we went there to see them. They are staying at a very large hotel, for the benefit of the waters, which are of a strongly tonic kind; and although the place is most rural and sequestered, they are greatly resorted to by the higher and lower classes, and ample accommodation for as many as three hundred visitors is found under the same roof, without the different grades in the least interfering with each other. There are immense suites of apartments, perfectly distinct; large open balconies, one over another, go along the sides of the house; the baths are in proportionate numbers to the visitors, and all suitably arranged.

We passed the evening with Madame P. and her charming family, in their private sitting-room. When we had long conversed on topics of mutual interest, she joined her son and daughters in singing Swiss and German airs. Their musical talents are very great; and a more pleasing, lovely, and accomplished group of young persons, I never met.

I grieve that the connecting link between us was suddenly snapped asunder, and that my amiable cousin was so early removed from a scene of great domestic happiness, which Cowper says, is "the only bliss that has survived the Fall."

We bid adieu with many kind feelings to our Swiss relatives.

* * * * *

Before leaving Berne yesterday, we took a delightful walk on some old fortifications that have been judiciously planted and converted into promenades. The banks of the Aar, which they overlook, are highly picturesque, and the Alps

form a back-ground of the grandest possible description. We watched the clouds dispersing and disclosing their sublime forms with enthusiastic delight and admiration.

As we retraced our steps, we passed by a small church, near the arsenal, used in common by the Roman Catholics and the French Protestants. The former commence their service on Sundays at eight o'clock, and at ten it is ready for the descendants of the Huguenots to perform theirs. The latter draw a green curtain across that portion which is not adapted to their use. Would that all religious animosities were made a sacrifice of on the same altar of the living God, who desireth that none may perish, but that all should be saved through Him who is "the way, and the truth, and the life." The many "ills that flesh is heir to," are surely enough for poor weak man to encounter, and demand his best powers to alleviate, instead of aggravating them by strife, contention, and bitterness.

It is gratifying to remark that this amicable proceeding between two differing religious parties

occurs in a Protestant church and town where all authority is invested in the hands of Protestants. It is impossible not to wish that the same spirit was more generally manifested, and that others would "do likewise."

LETTER XXX.

Freybourg.

Soon after we left Berne we were made aware of our being near to Laupen, by our postilions flourishing their whips with an air of exultation, saying, "that is Laupen!" pointing to an old fortress having some warlike appendages. You may recollect I told you of a victory gained there over the Austrians in 1339; and, though five centuries have passed, the Swiss of the present day feel much the same enthusiasm on the subject as their ancestors probably did when the victory was a recent event.

Sir James Mackintosh alludes to their undecaying patriotism as a most interesting trait in their

national character. After visiting Tell's chapel, he remarked, "Perhaps neither Greece nor Rome would have had such power over me. They are dead. The present inhabitants are a new race, who regard, with little or no feeling, the memorials of former ages. . . . . The inhabitants of Thermopylæ or Marathon know no more of these famous spots than that they are so many feet of square earth. England is too extensive a country to make Runnymede an object of national affection. In countries of industry and wealth, the stream of events sweeps away these old remembrances. The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue: Grütli and Tell's chapel are as much reverenced by the Alpine peasants, as Mecca by a devout Mussulman." And not only are Grütli and Tell's chapel revered by the Swiss of the present day, but every field is likewise honoured where their ancestors fought for the cause of liberty.

We were about four hours in going from Berne to Freybourg. Our road lay amongst

scenery that reminded me very much of the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells; very charming, hilly, and cultivated, with the important addition of the Bernese Alps being in view, when the clouds permitted us to see them. We stopped at the hotel Zähringen, so called after the founder of Freybourg, Berthold, fourth Count of Zähringen. This free city, alias Freybourg, was built by him in 1178, on a steep hill on the river Saane, as a stronghold, and place of security for the freemen and others of the surrounding country against their more powerful neighbours. It is a remarkable fact, that after the lapse of six centuries and a half, Freybourg has retained, until our own time, the characteristic spirit of its first founders, being the most aristocratic city in Switzerland. The diversity of language, originating in its being founded by Burgundians and German settlers, has also been maintained. In one part of the town French is spoken, and in the other German. At present this difference is fast wearing away, and the German language is becoming general.

On approaching Freybourg, I was strongly reminded of Clifton near Bristol, in the quarter where the great suspension-bridge has been lately erected. This bridge is much higher and longer than the Menai bridge; instead of such thick iron bars as are used in that, there are one thousand and fifty supporters, composed of several pieces of wire, which being bound together, are of equal strength, though not of half the size. It appears incredible that such slender support, as these look alone capable of giving, should sustain such an immense weight; but ample trial has proved them to be quite sufficient for their intended purpose. This bridge was erected by an architect of Lyons, and we were told it cost only twenty-five thousand pounds; the Menai bridge is said to have cost five hundred thousand pounds. Besides the architect, there was only one person employed who was not a native of Freybourg.

After dinner we went to the cathedral, the entrance-door of which is placed in a deep archway surrounded by very fine sculpture, like that of Rheims, but of much smaller dimensions. The

organ is said to be one of the finest in the world; it sent forth sounds that might be mistaken for peals of thunder, at the same time that there was an accompaniment of the softest sweetest music possible—like "blasts from hell, and airs from heaven." The piece performed was from "Der Freischütz."

The town is still surrounded by old walls, having towers placed at intervals, which are highly picturesque; the walls are covered in with a roofing of red tiles: on the side next the town, there are openings in them; but on the outer side, there are only loopholes, made to admit of the besieged discharging their arrows, or thrusting out their halberds, which latter are most potent weapons, being a sort of combination of a spear, axe, and sword.

The walls and towers are in wonderfully good preservation: they are said to have been erected when the city was founded, nearly seven hundred years ago. One of the gates leading from these walls is called the Gate of Morat; and, not far from thence, an elevated spot is distinguished by

a very ancient lime tree, of which an interesting anecdote is related. Morat is about ten miles from Freybourg; and on the day the memorable battle occurred there, a young man ran from thence, bleeding and exhausted; he was just able to pronounce the word "Victory!" and expired. A branch of a lime tree which he held in his hand was planted on the spot where he fell; it became in due time a large tree, and has been viewed with the most lively emotions by succeeding generations. It is now old and decaying, but not unhonoured; it is still looked upon with tender regard; and its aged limbs are supported by four stone pillars, besides being surrounded by a railing, on which notices are placed, in French and German, that a severe fine will be exacted if the smallest injury is done to any part of the tree, or to the railing placed for its protection.

If the inhabitants of Freybourg believed that the spirit of the hero who brought them the joyful tidings of victory had passed into the branch he bore in his hand, they could not

regard the tree it became with deeper homage; and, probably, undying thoughts of him will survive even this long enduring and cherished memorial.

LETTER XXXI.

Morat.

We had only gone a few miles from Freybourg, when we saw the town and castle of Morat; under whose walls was fought a battle so remarkable in Swiss annals, that I will give you some account of it.

Sigismund, Duke of Austria, having, like several of his predecessors of the house of Habsburg, sustained various defeats at the hands of the Swiss, thought it best to cut the connexion; and he concluded a peace with them in 1468, when he made a solemn cession of all his rights over Thurgau, in favour of the Cantons. But resentment still rankled in his heart, and he thought of raising against the Swiss a new and formidable enemy. He went to the court of Charles, Duke

of Burgundy, and mortgaged to him the districts of Suntgau, Brisgau, part of Alsace, and the four Forest towns; over which Charles appointed, as governor, Peter of Hagenbach, a declared enemy of the Swiss, who encouraged his subalterns in every species of vexation against the citizens of the Cantons and their allies.

I dare say you will recollect having already made some acquaintance with Hagenbach, in the beautiful tale of "Anne of Geierstein." His master, Charles the Rash, as he has been styled, was perhaps the most powerful prince of his time in Christian Europe. His dominions extended from the Jura and the banks of the Rhine to the Sea of Holland. He had driven René, Duke of Lorraine, from his territory; Franche Comté, Burgundy, Alsace, Lorraine, Picardy, and Flanders, were subject to his sway; and he had threatened Louis XI. under the very walls of Páris. Brave and skilful in war as well as in affairs of state, but irritable and impatient of contradiction, he became, through the violence of his temper, the cause of his own ruin. He looked with an evil

eye upon the prosperity and growing importance of the Swiss commonwealths in his neighbourhood; and paying no attention to the remonstrances of the Cantons, and especially of Berne, against the vexations of his governors, he treated with insolent contempt a solemn deputation sent to him by the Bernese senate.

Louis XI., a bad but shrewd monarch, watched with satisfaction the approaching rupture between his bitterest enemy and the Swiss; whose valour his own experience—when he had attacked them at Basle, at the head of the Armagnacs—enabled him to estimate. He flattered the Cantons, sent gold chains to their leading councillors, and at last concluded an alliance with them in 1474, by which he promised each of the Eight Cantons two thousand francs a-year, besides twenty thousand guilders for the expenses of the war.

The Emperor Frederic III. was not on good terms with Charles; whose request, to constitute Burgundy and Belgium into a kingdom, the Emperor had refused. Sigismund of Austria had been disappointed in his hope of marrying Mary,

Charles's only child; and he repented of having pledged to him so many fine districts, whose inhabitants were cruelly persecuted by Hagenbach, Charles's bailiff. Sigismund offered to redeem them; but, his proposal being peremptorily rejected, at the instigation of the King of France, he concluded a treaty with the Cantons, which was styled *the hereditary union with the house of Austria;* by which the latter acknowledged and guaranteed for ever the actual possessions of the Swiss, and the Cantons on their side guaranteed Sigismund's dominions.

Charles, having had information of these negotiations, sent messengers to the Cantons, to say—that he wished to remain at peace with them; that he would make inquiries about the conduct of his bailiffs, and of Hagenbach in particular; and would prevent any future annoyance being offered to the Cantons; as he had taken in mortgage the districts on the Rhine from Sigismund of Austria, at the personal request of the latter, and not with any hostile views against the Swiss.

The Cantons of the Waldstätten, as well as

Lucerne and Zug, received the declaration of Charles's ambassadors with every mark of gratitude and friendship for their master. But Berne and Soleure, who had suffered most from his agents, were not so easily satisfied. They complained chiefly of Hagenbach, and of the continual vexations he offered to their allies of Basle, Strasburg, and Mulhausen. It is ascertained by the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, Charles's secretary, that he was only endeavouring to gain time, in order to complete his preparations for war.

Hagenbach, knowing his master's dispositions, redoubled his acts of oppression. He styled the burghers of the free towns *Villains;* and one of his familiar expressions was—"By Heaven, you villains, we will make you pass under the yoke!" But having entered, with a small retinue, the town of Brisach, near Basle, to effect some new act of violence, the inhabitants took him prisoner. Sigismund assembled a criminal court, in May 1474, to try him, at which deputies from the Swiss Cantons attended. Hagenbach was condemned to death, and beheaded. You no doubt

recollect the striking account given of this tragical event in the aforesaid "Anne of Geierstein."

Charles, irritated by the news of the death of his favourite, declared war against the Duke of Austria. He wished at the same time to pacify the Cantons, in order to prevent them from assisting Sigismund. But deputies of the towns of Alsace, which were in alliance with the Swiss, came to demand protection from the Confederation; and a Diet was accordingly assembled at Lucerne in August. The councils of Berne were then directed by the Avoyer Diesbach, an eloquent and enterprising old man, who had succeeded in removing from the government Hadrian of Bubenburg, and others who were favourable to Burgundy; and he prevailed on the Diet to declare war against Charles.

The troops of the Confederation began the campaign in October, with eighteen thousand men; and crossing the Jura, took Pontarlier and other places. They invaded, at the same time, the Pays de Vaud, whose nobility had sided with Charles; and took possession of Grandson, Orbe, and

Morat, and committed great devastations in those districts.

The Duchess of Savoy, notwithstanding her promise to remain neutral, allowed her vassals, and among others her relative, James of Savoy, Baron de Vaud, to recruit troops for the service of Charles.

He, meantime, having made his peace with the King of France, and also with the Emperor, in 1745, turned all his vengeance against the league of the Cantons. He crossed the Jura with sixty thousand men, in the year 1746, and began the siege of Grandson, where the Swiss had placed a small garrison. The Swiss defended themselves bravely against the repeated attacks of the Burgundian troops. Charles, indignant at having lost ten days before this insignificant fortress, threatened to hang all the Swiss that were in the place. The commander and some of his men, seeing no prospect of being relieved, became intimidated, and listened readily to the suggestions of a Burgundian knight, who promised them, on the part of the Duke, a safe conduct, if they gave up the place.

The garrison accepted the offer, made a present

of one hundred florins to the mediator, and came out.

But the Duke caused them to be seized and stripped of their clothes; and some of them he condemned to be hanged on the trees, and the rest drowned in the lake, to the number of four hundred and fifty men. The Duke was instigated, it is said, to this act of cruelty by the Count of Romont, and several other noblemen of the country around, who had a grudge against the Swiss. Horror and rage seized the Confederates, who had assembled at Neufchâtel, at the news of this atrocious deed: they marched immediately, to the number of twenty thousand, upon Grandson. Their advanced guard, composed of the men of Schwytz and of the Bernese Oberland, issued at the break of day of the 3d of March 1746, from among the vineyards near the banks of the lake, and in sight of Grandson. Charles hurried out of his entrenched camp, with only part of his army, to attack the Swiss. The troops of Berne, Freybourg, Soleure, and Schwytz, who were in advance of the rest, knelt down, according to their custom,

to implore the favour of God upon their cause. Unlike the fabled giant of old, who renewed his powers on touching the earth, the Swiss resorted to heaven for strength in the hour of battle. Charles's soldiers seeing them engaged in prayer, imagined they were begging for mercy from their fellow men, and sent forth shouts of triumph. But they were soon undeceived. The Swiss having ended their supplications to the throne of the Most High, arose, — resolved to live or die free men; they formed themselves into a square, having the spearmen in the first rank. The cavalry of Burgundy charged them repeatedly, but without effect; and at the third charge their commander, the Lord of Chateauguion, was killed, with many other noblemen.

At the same time another body of the Confederates appeared on the hills, their arms shining in the noon-day sun. The banners of Zurich and Schaffhausen were seen, and the horns of Uri and Unterwalden sounded the charge. Duke Charles, who had fancied that the main body of the Swiss consisted of the square battalion before

him, inquired what new troops those were on the hills. "They are the men before whom Austria has fled," answered the Baron of Stein. "Woe to us then!" exclaimed Charles, "a handful of men has kept us at bay till now,—what will become of us, when the rest join them?"

He ordered his advanced guard to fall back on the main body of his army. The vanguard, mistaking this movement for a flight, ran in confusion towards their camp. The Swiss followed them close, and drove them, as was said by an eye-witness, "like a herd of cattle." They then took possession of the camp, in which they found more than a million of florins in precious metals, and other valuables. We saw at the Museum at Berne, Charles's magnificent "Prie Dieu" (a Prayer Book), which was taken on that occasion, the cover of the illuminated vellum leaves of which is composed of highly wrought gold and silver studded with jewels, and also some of his splendid tent hangings. These intimate pretty plainly, that although he was a brave soldier, he did not even in his camp dispense with luxuries.

A remarkably large diamond which he possessed, was found by a Swiss soldier, who sold it for a few florins to a priest; it was afterwards purchased by some Genoese merchants for seven thousand florins, and sold to Pope Julius II. for twenty thousand ducats; and it became the principal ornament of the Papal triple crown, and probably so continues, unless Bonaparte thought that it better suited the crown of an emperor. But to return to my narrative: Charles soon collected his army again; while the Confederates, as usual with them, seeing no enemy in the field, retraced their steps homewards.

In the month of May, the Duke of Burgundy advanced again by Lausanne towards Morat, which place was defended by Bubenberg of Berne, with a garrison of one thousand five hundred men. He was determined to avoid a repetition of the catastrophe of Grandson; and he administered an oath to his soldiers, that they would run through the body any one, without distinction of rank, who should exhibit any sign of pusillanimity or irresolution. Morat was battered, and a breach effected,

but at the assault the troops of Burgundy were repulsed. The Confederates, meantime, hastily assembled their contingents, and those of their allies, which when united, formed altogether an army of thirty thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, about one-half of the number of the Duke's forces. Many noblemen of high rank joined the Swiss; among others, the Count of Gruyère, René Duke of Lorraine, etc. etc. John Waldmann, with five thousand men from Zurich, entered Berne on the evening before the battle: the streets of the city were lighted up, and tables were spread before the houses, with refreshments for the soldiers, upon whom the citizens, both men and women, waited with the utmost alacrity; and one may imagine, that on this occasion, "there were some sudden partings, such as press the life from out young hearts, and choking sighs which ne'er might be repeated." After a short rest, the Zurichers continued their march towards Morat.

Next morning, 22d June, the anniversary of the victory of Laupen, the Swiss came in sight of

the enemy's camp. Duke Charles had drawn his army in long lines from the shores of the Lake of Morat to the hills on his right. The sky was overcast and the rain fell in torrents. The Swiss, on arriving in presence of the enemy halted, and knelt down to pray: at this moment the sun broke out from behind a cloud. John of Halweil, the commander of the advanced guard, waved his sword, crying out, "Confederates! God sends us the sun to shine on our victory!" It was now noon, and the Duke, thinking the Swiss had no intention of fighting on that day, ordered his troops back to the camp.

As soon as this movement began, the Confederates advanced upon the retiring battalions, and having taken some of the Duke's cannon, they turned them against his own men. The fight now became general; the Duke's troops, taken between two fires, gave way, and fled in confusion. They were pursued by the cavalry as far as Avenches. The slaughter of the Burgundians was dreadful; the war cry of the Swiss was *Grandson!* and it excited their revenge. The

Duke seeing that all was lost, galloped off the field, followed only by thirty horsemen, and did not stop till he arrived at Morges, fourteen leagues distant from Morat. Fifteen thousand of his men lay dead on the field of battle, and above ten thousand found their death in the waters of the lake. The tents, baggage, and equipages of the Duke fell into the hands of the conquerors on this occasion.

Thus ended the war of Bungundy; one of the most glorious, as well as the most just, in which the Swiss were ever engaged.

The chapel, which was raised on the spot where the battle was fought, and where the scattered bones of the Burgundians were collected, was destroyed in the French invasion of 1798. A pyramid has since replaced it, by the side of the high road from Berne to Lausanne. The Swiss cherish all sorts of memorials of the deeds of their fathers.

LETTER XXXII.

Morat.

I concluded my last with an account of the decisive victory gained by the Swiss at Morat. Charles of Burgundy, after his defeat was still as restless and ambitious as ever; and in October 1476, he laid siege to the city of Nancy, the capital of the dominions of René Duke of Lorraine, who demanded in person assistance of the Sovereign Council of Berne, and he was allowed to enlist as many Swiss as he could. He collected eight thousand, under the command of John Waldmann, of Zurich; these men set out from Basle towards the end of December 1476, during a most severe winter, and they mainly contributed to the victory which René gained before Nancy on the 5th of

January 1477, in which Charles of Burgundy, being betrayed by the Count Campobasso, again lost the day, and was killed by his pursuers in a marsh, while trying to escape. He next entered Nancy not to be crowned as a conqueror, but to be entombed in one of the vaults of the cathedral; where I told you I saw his very simple monument, which I could hardly believe was his, as I had previously seen one most gorgeous, made apparently to contain his body at Bruges, his capital in Belgium, which is placed by the side of a similar splendid one, containing the remains of his amiable, gentle, and only daughter, Mary of Burgundy. She married the Archduke Maximilian, the eldest son of the Emperor, to whom she was fondly attached. She died young, in consequence of an accident she met with while riding on horseback; the son she left, became father to the Emperor Charles V.

The ciceroni of Bruges will by no means unnecessarily reveal the fact, that the body of the last Duke of Burgundy, their sovereign, was deposited at the cathedral of Nancy after his

inglorious defeat; to effect which, the Swiss would not have lent their powerful assistance, had he not treated them with harshness and scorn: he provoked the fate which befel him.

The great success that had attended the arms of the Swiss was not wholly without some ill consequences to themselves. Bands of idle, dissipated young men went about the country armed, living merrily as long as their share of the booty acquired in the war with Burgundy lasted, and afterwards proceeded to the different towns concerned, asking for more. Disorders broke out in different quarters; at length, a general Congress of all the Confederates was convoked at Stanz, in the Unterwalden, in 1481, to regulate, among other things, the fair distribution of the Burgundian plunder, and to decide on the admission of Freybourg and Soleure into the Confederation.

The deputies of the Forest Cantons broke out into violent upbraidings and threatening against the towns; the latter, and Lucerne in particular, complained bitterly of the encouragement given by the Four Cantons to the dissatisfied peasantry;

from recrimination, the deputies were on the point of coming to blows. The Confederation was threatened with dissolution.

There lived in that time, in the solitudes of Obwalden, a pious hermit, called Nicholas Lœuenbrugger, but better known by the name of Nicholas von Flue, from a rock near which his dwelling stood. He had fought, in his youth, the battles of his country; and had made himself conspicuous by his bravery and humanity. Having returned home, he took an aversion to all worldly things, and determined to consecrate the remainder of his life to prayer and meditation. He took leave of his assembled relatives, and embracing for the last time his wife, by whom he had several children, he left her the whole possession of his patrimonial estate; and assuming the coarse garb of a hermit, took up his lonely abode in a cell on a mountain, with bare boards for his bed, and there spent his life amid fasting and prayer. Once a month only was he seen, when he went to receive the sacrament at church. He had lived many years

in this manner, and the reputation of his sanctity was great in the whole Waldstätten.

The report of the fatal discord arisen among the Confederates penetrated into his cell; and feeling the heart of a citizen—or rather, I should say, patriot—again throb in his bosom, he quitted his solitude; and repairing to Stanz, suddenly appeared in the hall where the angry Confederates were assembled. His tall emaciated form; his mild and pale but still handsome countenance, beaming with love and charity towards all men, struck awe among the rude debaters. They all rose instinctively at his entrance. He spoke to them words of peace; and, with the dignity of an apostle of truth, he entreated them—in the name of that God who had so often granted victory to the generous efforts of their fathers and forefathers, when fighting in a just cause, and who had blessed their country with independence—not to risk now all the blessings they enjoyed by a vile covetousness or mad ambition, not to let the fair fame of the Confederation be stained by the report of their intestine broils.

"You Towns," added he, "renounce partial alliances among yourselves, which excite the jealousy and suspicion of your elder Confederates; and you people of Waldstätten, remember the days in which Freybourg and Soleure fought by your side, and receive them in your common bond of alliance. But Confederates all, I conjure you! do not widen too much the hedge which encloses you; do not mix in foreign quarrels; do not listen to intrigue, or accept the price of bribery and treachery against your common land."

This simple but forcible appeal of a man who seemed hardly to belong to this world, and who had no personal interest to gratify, except the love of his countrymen, made a deep impression on the assembly. In the following hour, all their differences were settled.

On the same day, 22d December 1481, Soleure and Freybourg were received into the Swiss Confederation, under the conditions that they should not engage in any war, or form any alliance, without the consent of the eight old Cantons;

and that they should submit to the arbitration of the latter, in case of disputes arising between them and another Canton.

After this, the Assembly proceeded to frame a convention upon other debateable matters; about which it also requested the advice of Nicholas von Flue. This was called *The Convention of Stanz.*

All matters being satisfactorily adjusted, Nicholas von Flue returned to bury himself in his solitary cell, and every deputy repaired to his respective canton. Rejoicings were made all over the country; and the bells of every church, from the Jura to the Alps, announced the joyful tidings of peace.

From this period, the alliance of the Swiss was sought by the different powers of Europe, when engaged in war; and large contingents of their troops were at different times mixed up in the long-continued desolating wars of the Milanese. On one occasion, Ludovico Sforza had sixteen thousand of them in his service; and Louis XII. of France had also about the same number.

The Swiss Confederation, whose authority was at all times admitted to be paramount to every other by their countrymen, finding they were to be opposed to each other in battle, sent orders to them on both sides to lay down their arms. The French envoy bribed the courier who was entrusted with the order for the Swiss in the French camp, and he delayed several days on the road. The other courier having arrived at the quarters of the Swiss in the Duke of Milan's pay, they obeyed the orders. The French commanders, in the meantime, attacked Novara; which Sforza being unable to defend, as his Swiss had forsaken him, he was taken prisoner, with all his adherents.

In the subsequent wars of Francis I. in Italy, Swiss auxiliary troops fought in his ranks in several actions, especially at the battle of Pavia, in 1525; in which the king was made prisoner, and the Swiss lost no less than seven thousand men. Heavy and repeated losses gave them at last a distaste for those disastrous Italian wars, where they could gain nothing but a barren

reputation of mercenary valour. Their fidelity to their employers at all times was so fully recognised, that the French kings habitually had at their palace a Swiss guard. These suffered themselves to be cut to pieces, in defending the Tuileries against the assaults of a ferocious and overwhelming mob in 1792, as I have already mentioned.

I do not know whether Louis Philippe reposes in such confidence on the love of his subjects that he dispenses with foreign guards; it is probable, I think, that, for the sake of acquiescing in old customs, he allows them to continue, at least as an appendage of state, if not for any other purpose. The Pope certainly adheres to this ancient practice: he has one hundred Swiss guards in his pay. I have conversed with some of them in the Vatican—they are usually men from the Waldstätten—and I think they must, even more than the Doge of Venice in the Louvre, or a lion in our Zoological Gardens, feel surprised to find themselves in such altered circumstances. I spoke to a young man dressed in blue, scarlet,

and yellow—their costume in point of colours is like that with which Nature clothes some of her tropical birds: he was pacing the marble floor; precious remains of ancient Rome were around him; I mentioned Switzerland; his eyes darted fire, but in a moment they were suffused with tears—"they were with his heart, and that was far away:" he said, stifling his emotion, "I shall go home to Schwytz in March!"

LETTER XXXIII.

Lausanne.

Our anxiety to receive letters from home awaiting us here prevented our visiting the Castle and Lake of Morat; so straining our eyes from the carriage-windows, we had a distant view of both. We reached before breakfast a small town called Payerne, where the only thing interesting to be seen is the exterior of a very ancient church and convent, now appropriated to other than their original purposes. They were erected by Bertha, the wife of Rudolph II., King of Burgundy. She governed the dominions of her son Conrad, during his minority, with great ability, and exercised much benevolence towards her subjects. The Burgundians had been called in by

the Romans, in the decline of the Empire, as mercenary troops: they made a settlement in a part of France and Switzerland, as well as in Belgium, and they founded a powerful dynasty. The first line of sovereigns being extinct, John, King of France, of the house of Valois, gave one of his sons the Duchy of Burgundy, from whom Charles the Rash (whose defeat at Morat I have just mentioned) was descended. Queen Bertha preceded him by some centuries; she was buried at Payerne. Whether in the removal of her tomb from the ancient church to a more modern one, in which it now stands, it suffered injury, or from some other cause, I cannot tell, but it is covered with a modern white marble slab, that records in beautiful language her many virtues. While the Latin inscription was undergoing translation for me, by your papa, I was reminded of Isabella of Castile, whose admirable qualities as a sovereign were equalled by her virtues in private life. Like Bertha too, she was a good horsewoman. We were shewn a most awful-looking and monstrous saddle of her Burgundian majesty, on which there

was no provision made for her sitting as ladies do at present; and yet she was not—any more than Isabella, who we are told made her royal husband Ferdinand's shirts—unused to feminine occupations, for in this identical saddle, a space is pointed out appropriated to the holding of her distaff! She spun whilst riding, as the Welsh women knit. I have often seen them thus doubly employed in the Principality; but whether Queen Bertha, like another Omphale, prevailed on any favoured Hercules to take a turn at the distaff, the aforesaid Latin inscription does not mention.

After breakfasting, and commenting sufficiently on Queen Bertha's saddle, we proceeded on our route, and it was not until we arrived within a few miles of Lausanne that I could, from ocular observation, tell that I was not travelling in a pretty, hilly, well-wooded part of England. I could perceive no difference, but that here the meadows are covered with the autumnal crocus, which plant, I think, must be a cousin-german to the mushroom species, for the constant cutting

of the grass does not impede the immediate re-appearance of the flowers.

We are arrived at Lausanne, the capital of the Canton de Vaud. Our hotel Gibbon commands a full view of the magnificent lake Leman, from which we are distant rather more than half a mile, the intervening space is covered with vineyards, trees, and handsome villas. The nearest hills on the opposite side are highly cultivated, and in their rear, an entire range of the mountains of Savoy bound the horizon: towards the head of the lake, where the Rhone flows into it, they rise like gigantic ramparts; but in front of us, there is a long continued varied outline of soft, blue, distant mountains—looking upon which, produced on my mind somewhat the same effects as listening to harmonious sounds. I am deeply impressed with the beauty of the scene; still I do not think it in point of beauty to be compared to the lake of Lucerne. I believe that lake will always remain imprinted on my mind as unrivalled.

We have been to the cathedral, which does not possess a great deal to attest its undoubted anti-

quity. I perceive also in this Reformed church the *not at home* air of the absent family, that I remarked at Berne. It contains only one fine painted glass (round) window. There are several monuments of old bishops, who would no doubt withdraw from such unholy ground as a Protestant church, if they could travel like St. Cuthbert, in a stone coffin—as we read of his having done, in Marmion. There is also the monument of Pope Felix V., who was called by Voltaire, "Le bizarre Amedée." He was the eighth Count of Savoy: he purchased the rights of the last Counts of Genevois, and obtained an investiture of the same in 1417, as well as the title of Duke of Savoy from the Emperor. He resigned all these dignities, and ended his days as a monk in the convent of Ripaille, on the opposite side of the lake. This last act of his will remind you of the Emperor Charles V., that ambitious sovereign, who withdrew from all his conquests and aggrandisements, from the government of dominions on which the sun never set, to the seclusion of the cloister. Those persons who attain the heights of human

greatness, are, no doubt, often disappointed in finding that this world and the glories of it cannot confer happiness; and it is not wonderful that they should turn in heart and soul (though they do not assume the hermit's garb) to that world where indeed the sun of the righteous never sets.

There are some very nice public terraces here, overlooking the lake, and everybody goes to see a private one adjoining our hotel, that formerly belonged to Gibbon, leading to the summer-house in which he wrote the last pages of his celebrated History. I have no respect for the man: he was a cold-hearted, vain, selfish being, who did his best to poison the pure stream of knowledge, by an infusion of the deadly nightshade of infidelity.

We walked on the delightful terrace trellised with flowers, and commanding a view of the lake which he mentions in his Letters—at the same time that he describes the cheerful intelligent society from which he derived so much enjoyment (not purchased by great expenditure of money),

and rendered compatible with health, and all other pursuits, by the early hours which were the fashion in Lausanne in his day. Conversation, "le sel de tous les plaisirs," was more valued formerly than the *spectacle*, which now, in my opinion, usurps the place of better things: but we cannot have all the advantages belonging to one state of society, whilst we are partaking of such as arise out of another; and we of the present time have certainly no reason to complain that our means of enjoyment are small or few—especially English ladies, whose stately grandmammas seldom moved beyond the precincts of the family mansion, where, superintending the condiments prepared by the housekeeper, according to long established and approved receipts, written in a neat Italian hand, in much prized books, that our shewy albums have superseded, and overlooking the exact keeping of the patterns and devices in the flower-garden, formed the business of their lives. How they would have deplored for the future the turn things have taken in this changing world, could they have foreseen their degenerate daughters abandon-

ing all such homely yet dignified pursuits; "and when pleasure grows dull in the east, just ordering their wings and being off to the west." I must use mine now, to repair to Vevay — so good-by!

LETTER XXXIV.

Vevay.

Our road from Lausanne to this place, lay through vineyards; but detestable stone walls for some distance intercepted our view of them; these, however, decreased as we proceeded, and the prospect in all respects improved as we approached Vevay. We arrived just in time to see a beautiful sun-set. The lake was of a deep blue, except where more refulgent colours fell from the illumined sky. On its mirror-like surface at a little distance was a small boat, that with its rowers looked of ebon darkness in the midst of a flood of light, into the inner regions of which it seemed entering as it pursued a path of rays westward. I remained riveted to the spot by the beauty of the surrounding objects, until darkness enveloped

all. In returning to the hotel I lost my way; the rest of our party had gone there before me; however, I was soon directed into the right road, and found them waiting for me at the tea-table.

This morning (Sunday) when the clock struck six I was sitting near the church, which is situated on a very steep hill, under the shade of a goodly line of wide-spreading chestnut trees, that grow on either side of a fine broad terrace walk, overlooking the lake and commanding a view of all the surrounding mountains.

Partial brightness was imparted to them by the rising sun; and most glorious was the scene: on the summit of one rocky mountain the light fell strongly, making it very much resemble the fortifications of Ehrinbreitstein near Coblentz. When the light became diffused, and more uniform colouring succeeded to the previous rich tints that had vanished, we left our elevated position (our observatory), and proceeded downwards until we reached the path by the side of the clear lake, then shining in reflected vividness, and as brightly blue as the canopy above us: and there we walked, listening

to its murmurs; that sweet peculiar sound belonging to gently moving water; the only murmurings, I believe, grateful to the ear besides those of doves; for others there are, not always of equally soothing and pleasing effect.

We sauntered on until we came to a little village called Tours; I suppose from two round towers; one is at the edge of the lake, and the other at a little distance, and both are connected by a high wall, in the centre of which is a door. On opening it, we perceived that a very good modern house has been built inside; we got a very civil reception from a servant who offered to shew it, his master, Monsieur Rigaud, being absent, together with his family, at Berne; he is attending the Diet, of which he is one of the deputies. We passed through several handsome rooms leading to the tower we had observed near the lake; on reaching it, we ascended a narrow staircase, not to a chamber of desolations, but to one well furnished and suitably to the period of its erection, six hundred years ago. There sat, at an old carved oak table, one who looked a living man of might

and war, dressed in a full suit of armour *cap-à-pié;* one mailed arm resting on the table, the other as if in the act of turning the pages of a vellum manuscript book, from the perusal of which, he had the air of being disturbed at our entrance. The light is admitted solely through painted glass windows, and the effect of the *tout ensemble,* for which I was unprepared, is quite startling. Under the helmet one perceives the haughty countenance of the wearer seeming to bid stern defiance to all intruders.

The face, which is well imagined and executed, is the only thing seen that did not belong to a veritable feudal lord. The gloves of mail cover the hands, which are in quite a natural position. At one side of the room stands a small altar; on it are candles ready to be lighted, the "Prie Dieu" open, all preparations made apparently for the haughty lord to humble himself before Him who says that He is no respecter of persons, though I suspect the barons of former days did not so read or understand His Word. Armour variously disposed in the apartment, and a rich embroidered

table-cover, form parts of the furniture; besides antique chairs and cabinets, that look as if they might have belonged to the ark, and the latter have been found convenient by Noah's wife for holding the family linen. The whole wears an entire air of uniformity. I exclaimed, "What a chamber this would have been for Abbotsford!"

After we had sufficiently admired it (and it was perfect in all its details), our guide invited us to ascend to a higher room of the same dimensions; and there sat another mail-clad personage, in an equally fine suit of armour. His apartment is quite as well, though not so richly, furnished as the other. He is also seated at a small table, on which are plates of massive silver, of elaborate workmanship. On that immediately before him is a large spoon; which, it occurs to me, has more signification than the very obvious one pertaining to this useful article. The Duke of Savoy and his nobles, on some occasion upon which the inhabitants of Geneva resisted their authority in 1527, declared they would beat them in pieces so small that they should be able to

eat them with a spoon, which accordingly they took for their badge, in proof of their undoubted purpose, and called themselves "the Knights of the Spoon." The Bernese sent John D'Erlach, at the head of a body of men, to assist the Genevese, who conquered those proud knights and their Duke, and razed their castles to the ground; but this knight of the spoon looks complacently unconscious of such reverses having happened to his order.

After paying due homage to the liege lords of the château, we went to the other tower. It merely consists of deep dark dungeons, into which wretched victims were thrown. There is no staircase, nor any window, in this stronghold of tyranny, on which we turned our backs, rejoicing that this, and many such, are no longer used for their original purposes, and now serve but "to point a moral, or adorn" a landscape or "a tale."

After breakfast we went to attend service in the church, near to which I had been sitting some hours before. The terrace was filled by persons

of the different classes, who were assembled awaiting the last toll of the bell.

We all entered together, and I never was present at a more interesting service. It was performed in French, and opened with the singing of a psalm, accompanied by a good organ. A chapter of the Old Testament was then read, and afterwards that impressive one of the 15th of the First Corinthians; prayers followed, of some length; and next was read, by order of the Swiss Diet, a most admirable address, enjoining the people at large throughout Switzerland, to keep the ensuing Sunday with peculiar solemnity and holiness, fasting and prayer, in testimony of the sense they entertain of the blessings conferred by Providence on them as a nation, as well as individually, which blessings were recapitulated—freedom, peace, the full enjoyment of the rights and reasonable wishes of man; education progressing to enlighten all; the arts derived from peace and industry spreading wide; crimes and their horrid train of sufferings decreasing; agriculture prospering; their fields and vineyards yielding abundance;

—*all* causes for deep thankfulness; but, the proclamation added, "il y a de bonnes choses que la main ne peut toucher, que les yeux ne peuvent voir —the soul of man and his spiritual welfare are of still higher concern, and vain are all the gifts and advantages he possesses belonging to this material world, if his heart is not right towards God, if *His* presence is not continually borne in mind, so effectually as to keep His servants in the paths of virtue and in the way of His commandments." I never heard any thing more sublime than this national appeal, of which I am only enabled to give the poorest and most meagre account possible from memory. It occupied about half an hour, and was well calculated to answer the desired purpose of awakening a people to a deep sense of the favours bestowed on them by the Almighty, and rendering them alive to their spiritual wants. In general, public addresses of a devotional character are put forth in seasons of distress, or of apprehended chastisement, and in a sort of regular routine language that does not arouse the inner man from its too lethargic

propensities. These latter having in our case been shaken off, *pro tempore* at least, we were all the better prepared for attending to one of the most eloquent and impressive sermons I ever heard delivered. The text was that awful one of "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," etc. etc.

Perhaps it is owing to early impressions having been made on my mind by the discourses of Masillon, of the admirable Bourdaloue, and others, that it strikes me the French language has the power, more forcibly than others, of contrasting the nothingness of this perishing state with the stupendous concerns of the future. The things of time and the pleasures thereof are presented, with the vividness of pictures, to our minds, as brittle fabrics of ice, dissolving when the sun of another world is about to dawn on our souls. As the preacher pronounced the words "la mort, le jugement, l'éternité," all belonging to this life seemed annihilated; and most touchingly did he describe the happiness of the soul that rests on

Christ, and on His propitiation for aid to enter by the strait gate and through the narrow way.

I have heard the justly celebrated M. Cocquerel, of the Oratoire at Paris, preach; and I think the preacher at Vevay, with more simplicity, is equally powerful. His earnest and devout manner, in the way of association, I suppose, brought to my mind the noble Huguenots, who endured for their holy faith sufferings that humanity shudders to dwell upon; and so charitable a temper did he put me in, that I thought with pity of their last persecutor, Louis XIV. When alluding to them, and all that he had inflicted, he said, with somewhat of an awakened conscience, on his death-bed, "If I have done wrong, I hope God will pardon me; for I was taught to believe I was promoting His glory and benefiting mankind." Alas! poor erring mortal! at that awful hour the reminiscences of the Grand Monarque were not enviable. Great excuses, however, may be made for him; he was surrounded by so many ready to flatter and deceive, whilst there were but few to tell him the truth. Fenelon, who would have

done so, he banished from his presence, with the same infelicitous selection—though differing in all other respects — that, it is said, our Charles I. interdicted the departure of Cromwell from England to America. The one drove from his presence the teacher whose counsels were fraught with heavenly wisdom, who would have led him into "a more excellent way," and into the paths of peace; the other detained, by the exercise of private and unreasonable authority, from seeking his fortune elsewhere, the bold Independent who mainly contributed to bring his sovereign to the scaffold.

The graves of two of the regicides who had assisted in that fearful deed lay before us, as we sat in the church at Vevay; Andrew Broughton, of Maidstone, in Kent, and Edward Ludlow, are both buried there. On the restoration of Charles II., they sought refuge in Switzerland. The old chronicler of Vevay, who pointed out their tombs, told us they had settled at Lausanne, and, together with some other Englishmen, were invited to a banquet, where an attempt was made by conspirators to assassinate them: two of their

companions were murdered, but they made their escape by water to Vevay, and there they were protected, and spent the remainder of their lives. Broughton was eighty-eight when he died, Ludlow was sixty-three. The latter passed fully half of his life in exile; a handsome black marble monument was erected to him by his wife Elizabeth Thomas.

The epitaph, after setting forth the sacrifices made by him for his country, concludes by informing us that she had been his companion in prosperity and adversity, and that the greatness of his soul and the tenderness of his affection suffered no abatement during the sad vicissitudes of his life; they were undiminished till death had overwhelmed her with grief for his loss.

A woman that is united to a man who gains honours and advancement in the world, has no merit for being a most loving and dutiful wife, whilst partaking of his distinctions; but she who follows, in exile, in disgrace, and poverty, her unfortunate husband, and cheers and solaces him with unchanging tenderness and affection through

long years of evil report and the abandonment of friends, *she* does honour to her sex, and entitles them to the beautiful encomium passed upon them by our "Ariosto of the North"—

> "O woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

LETTER XXXV.

Geneva.

THIS morning (Monday), we were before six o'clock in an open carriage, bound for the Castle of Chillon; *en route,* we saw the little village of Clarens—"sweet Clarens! the birthplace of deep love." It made me smile to observe, near the road, a finger-post to direct the stranger "au bosquet de Julie;" thus, this creature of the imagination is given in sober reality a local habitation, and the unlettered peasants doubtless believe that their soil was her veritable abode; in more poetic times, a fane would have risen "au bosquet de Julie," which is now, in this utilitarian age, converted into a potato field.

The high mountains—le Dent du Midi, Diablerie,

etc. etc.—at the termination of the east end of the lake, where the Rhone flows into it, were tinged with the rays of the yet unrisen sun. The towers of Chillon were before us, standing partly in the water; we soon entered them by means of a draw-bridge, and a very intelligent Frenchwoman came forth to be our guide. This was the principal castle possessed by the Sovereigns of Savoy in the Pays de Vaud; and, from being the strongest, was the last they held. It was built, not only for warlike purposes, but also for an occasional residence. Over the great entrance-door is an inscription in German, signifying that "whosoever goes in and out of these walls henceforth shall be free and under the protection of God:" this inscription was given its present prominent place when the Genevese, assisted by the brave Bernese, and D'Erlach at their head, threw off for ever the dominion of the house of Savoy, which had been acquiesced in until the severe exercise of power, and even of tyranny, could be endured no longer.

We were conducted to the Salle de Justice (so

called), where criminals, real or supposed, were tried. 'It is a large and handsome room, and close to it is the appendage of a smaller one, to which unhappy victims were transferred, and there some of the often-used apparatus for torture still remains; left, no doubt, by the conquerors, to remind their descendants of the evils from which they had been rescued, and to stimulate them to maintain their freedom.

There are some apartments shewn which the Counts, and afterwards the Dukes, of Savoy occasionally occupied. One of the former married the sister of Louis IX. of France, commonly called St. Louis; and on the ceilings and walls of some of the rooms which were inhabited by the royal pair, there are traces of the insignia of their respective families—a cross, that of Savoy, and the fleur-de-lis of France — combined with very rich decorations, especially in "la Salle de Reception," a handsome room, which is still scented with the musk used by the former owners; for some of whom it might, perhaps, be well, if their deeds rose before Heaven with as sweet

a smelling odour as there remains in their perfumed chamber.

From this apartment we descended to the dreary dungeon allotted to the Prior Bonnivard, who did not, it appears, in the duties of a churchman, lose sight of those of a good citizen. For six long years was he chained to a pillar in a subterranean building, which is very like the crypt of some of our great cathedrals, but more lofty; one side consists of the rock on which the castle stands, and the whole of this part is some feet below the level of the lake. The light is only admitted through narrow loopholes. Lord Byron's name is inscribed on the pillar to which the victim of oppression was bound, on whom he wrote the following beautiful lines—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a place
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard.—May none those marks efface;
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

And probably, the noble poet would not have omitted to mention, had he known it, a touching

circumstance of which our guide informed us: she discovered it in her researches for the materials for writing the history of this castle, which she announced to us she shortly intends publishing.

A young man named Cotier, to whom Bonnivard had been extremely kind, took to heart his benefactor's imprisonment; and by making unceasing efforts, he contrived to be hired as a servant by the governor of the castle, the Count de Beaufort, who belonged to the same original stock from which our noble English family of Beaufort is descended. In the capacity of a servant, Cotier was entrusted so far as to be enabled to hold communication with Bonnivard; which being at length discovered, he was imprisoned in an adjoining cell. Walls of partition, now fallen down, ran from each pillar, and formed a series of narrow domiciles for the wretched. Cotier managed to cut through his iron chain; and having done so, joyfully assured Bonnivard that he would yet rescue him. The Prior tried to dissuade him from making the rash attempt, but in vain: he had full confidence in his power of swimming, and he

contrived to work his body through a loophole, which was pointed out to us; it is rather wider than the rest: he expected to fall into the water, of which he had no apprehension; but he was not aware of the great sharp rocks lying immediately beneath its surface, and on them he was dashed to pieces. Two months afterwards, the castle was taken and Bonnivard liberated; and doubtless, the joy of that event was clouded by the sad loss of his devoted follower.

Bonnivard, on his return to his old haunts, must have felt somewhat like Rip van Wynkle, who found himself in quite a different world on opening his eyes after a sleep of a century. During the six years of his last confinement — for he had been twice a prisoner — the Bishop of Roman Catholic Geneva, a temporal prince, exercising great authority in his twofold capacity, was banished; the episcopal see removed to Annecy, where it still exists; and John Calvin was holding forth in the pulpit against doctrines that his enthusiastic and admiring audience had previously maintained.

Truly this was a change so astounding, that I should not be surprised if the history the lady-warden of Chillon is writing, and which she says will include that of the Prior, should describe him to have been, on his emancipation, in the state I have heard of a hypochondriacal person whose only delusion was that he himself had died, and that he was not living in this present world: he asked a friend of mine, who told me the story, how long it was since he died, adding, "there is not the difference here I expected, for I find men just as great rogues and knaves in this world as they were in that which we have left."

What Bonnivard thought of mankind in the altered condition they were suddenly presented to him, and whether he found them knaves and rogues as before, will, I imagine, notwithstanding the lady's purposed history, remain matter of conjecture; but the change in other respects, could not have been displeasing to him, as he had avowedly favoured the doctrines of the Reformation, and thereby, in a twofold degree, incurred the wrath of the Duke of Savoy, from those doc-

trines being favourable to civil as well as religious liberty.

After sufficiently viewing the "double dungeon wall and wave hath made," we next visited the dreadful Oubliettes, and were shewn where a trap-door used to let down the unconscious victim, who stepped upon it in conformity to the orders given to approach an altar, surmounted by an image of the Virgin, and the instant he trod upon the treacherous floor, it gave way, and he sunk into never-ending darkness, as regards this world—the outer door closed, and he was heard of no more. Several remains of skeletons have been lately discovered in this dismal place.

The feudal times are very magnificent and poetic to read of, and no doubt the highest generosity and disinterestedness were often practised by individuals towards their equals; a small number were these, however, compared with the many who were in too frequent instances treated with indignity or cruelty. Irresponsible power is suited to God alone; so mixed are the elements of good and ill in our common nature, that it cannot for any long

time be safely entrusted to our fellow men. And how essentially opposed to Christianity, and therefore to human happiness, was the feudal system, which has sunk before it like the dark vapours of night before the glories of the risen sun!

In the "View of Society and Manners in Italy," by Doctor Moore, the first volume of which is lying on my table, he says in connexion with some of the horrid practices in ancient Rome, "Such, I am afraid is the nature of man, that if he has power without control, he will use it without justice; absolute power has a strong tendency to make good men bad, and never fails to make bad men worse." It was an observation of the late Mareschal Saxe, "that in all the contests between the army waggoners and their horses, the waggoners were in the wrong; which he imputed to their having absolute power over the horses. In the qualities of the head and heart, and in most other respects, he thought the men and horses on an equality."

Caprice is a vice of the temper, which increases faster than any other by indulgence; it often spoils

the best qualities of the heart, and in particular situations, degenerates into the most insufferable tyranny. The first appearance of it in young minds, ought to be opposed with firmness, and prevented from farther progress, otherwise our future attempts to arrest it may be fruitless, for

> "The evil every moment grows,
> And gains new strength and vigour as it goes."

But to resume my narrative. We left Fanny at Chillon, where she had her breakfast with Madame la Châtelaine, while we went and had ours a little farther on, at the great new "Hotel Byron," which fronts the lake, and has a view of a large expanse of water: high mountains are on one side, and on the other numberless villages, some of them built close to the water, and all having their church and spire, and generally an old chateau that speaks of bygone days; we had a prolonged view of this charming scene as we returned to Vevay, after taking Fanny up at Chillon, and from thence we came by the steam-packet to Geneva. The villages have many of them been Roman towns, and were afterwards

possessed by feudal lords, and now they enjoy the happiness of belonging to the Swiss Confederation.

The lake was of the brightest blue, such a colour as I could scarcely have imagined any "skiey influences" could impart; the nature of the soil through which the river flows that falls into the lake, is supposed to have a share in its deep turquoise hue, so that earth, as well as heaven, bears a part in contributing to the surpassingly beautiful colour of the water. Well might Voltaire exclaim, "Mon lac est le premier des lacs!" It is between fifty and sixty miles in length, and from six to eight in breadth; on one side is the range of Alps, on the other the beautiful banks varied by small indented bays, towns, vineyards, and gardens, backed by steep hills richly clothed with wood, excepting where rocks obtrude their craggy points.

We were about fifteen miles from the end of our voyage, when Mont Blanc came into view, and I thought of these lines of Byron,

> "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
> They have crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."

The diadem was worn, but not the robe of clouds; all around was perfectly clear, and we saw the stupendous object to great advantage for about twenty minutes; as we passed on, it receded, and only a small part became visible, and on that we gazed until our attention was called off by the preparatory bustle of landing.

LETTER XXXVI.

Geneva.

HERE we are, arrived at Geneva, the capital of the smallest of all the cantons but Schwytz the "heart's core" of Switzerland. Voltaire, in reference to its size, said pleasantly, "quand je secoue ma perruque je poudre la Republique;" but, small as is the territory, it is, I believe, considered the intellectual capital of the country, and so many remarkable events have occurred here, that I shall resort to my travelling companion, Vieusseux's History, to enable me to select some notices, and give you a little account of it, with which I shall close my historical references.

It was only in the sixteenth century that Geneva became connected with the Swiss Confederation, of which it now constitutes an essential part.

Until that period Geneva had been chiefly governed by its sovereign bishop, who was a prince of the German empire.

The Counts of the Genevois, feudal lords of the empire, administered justice: by these two powers the burghers were peaceably governed, until the neighbouring house of Savoy, sprung from the Counts of Maurienne, aspired to extend its power over the city.

Amadeus V., Count of Savoy, had already, in 1285, formed an alliance with the citizens of Geneva, promising to defend their liberties against their bishop, who happened to be brother of the Count of Genevois. Amadeus was made *Vidomme (vice dominus)*, having jurisdiction in all civil causes, though subject to appeal. The Bishop agreed to this appointment, on condition that the Count should acknowledge himself as his vassal; but the vassal being more powerful than the lord, often forgot his allegiance, and even expelled the bishop's officers from the town. The power of the Counts of Savoy continued gradually to increase, until at length, in 1417, Amadeus VIII. purchased

from the collateral heirs of the last Count of Genevois, all their rights over the country, after which he obtained from the Emperor Sigismund the formal investiture of the same, as well as the title of Duke of Savoy. He also proposed to the Bishop of Geneva to give up to him his temporal rights as Prince of that city, and he obtained for the purpose a bull from Pope Martin V. authorising the bishop to give up his sovereignty, if so inclined. The Bishop, in compliance with his oath, asked the opinion of the assembly of the citizens, who answered that "they were determined as much as lay in their power, never to submit to any foreign dominion, but would remain under the government of the church and its prelate." Notwithstanding, the Dukes of Savoy continued to exercise much influence in the city, by contriving to have its bishops elected from individuals of their own house.

Charles III., Duke of Savoy, shewed himself especially disposed to encroach on the liberties of Geneva, and was favoured in his views by the Bishop, a weak unprincipled man. The citizens

becoming alarmed, turned their eyes towards the Swiss Cantons for protection, and formed an alliance with Berne and Freybourg. The city was divided into two parties; one for independence and the alliance with the Swiss styled themselves *Eidgenossen*, "bound by oath," in imitation of their confederates, and they gave their antagonists the name of Mamelouks.

About this time the doctrines of the Reformation began to spread rapidly in Geneva. Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor, was one of the first to preach in favour of a reformation in religion; but here a new difficulty arose. Freybourg, one of the two allied Cantons, intimated that if the Genevese abandoned their old faith, it would renounce their alliance; the magistrates therefore were cautious not to encourage the spreading of the reformed doctrines. Geneva meantime was reduced to the greatest extremities by the Savoyard nobles and the Knights of the Spoon; the citizens could not venture outside the walls; no provisions were allowed to come in, and they suffered the severest privations. At last, after repeated but

useless negotiations, Berne and Freybourg resolved, in 1530, to take the field and relieve their ally. A Bernese army of seven thousand men, under John D'Erlach, joined by two thousand from Freybourg, three thousand five hundred volunteers from other parts, and eighteen pieces of cannon, entered the Pays de Vaud, which they crossed without opposition, although they committed serious depredations on the subjects of the Duke, and arrived at Geneva on the 10th of October, having on their march taken and destroyed the castles of the Knights of the Spoon. These were Savoyard nobles in the neighbourhood of Geneva, who had taken this designation, having boasted that they would hew down the citizens, and cut them into small pieces, so as to be able to eat them with their spoons, and they wore accordingly a spoon as a badge of their confraternity. I mentioned casually, in a former letter, the Knights of the Spoon, but as they act so prominent a part in the affairs of Geneva, I do not scruple to repeat the same particulars, lest you may not bear them in mind.

The other Cantons and the Valais sent deputies to mediate a peace, and the treaty of St. Julien was the result. The Duke engaged, among other things, that, if he should be the first to attack the Genevese, he should forfeit the Pays de Vaud to Berne and Freybourg; the Prior Bonnivard, whom the Duke had kidnapped and confined in the dungeons of Chillon, was to be released; the Duke was to defray the expenses of the war, and pay an indemnity to Geneva; and, on the other hand, he was to appoint a Vidomme in the latter city, to administer justice. The Duke appointed this officer, but neglected to perform the other conditions of the treaty.

The preaching the doctrines of the Reformation by Farel, a zealous Frenchman (a native of Dauphiné), had formed two new parties in the city. The particulars of the angry strife and contentions that ensued, I will not enter upon, farther than to mention that after mutual provocations the Grand Vicar of the Bishop issued an order to burn all the Bibles in French or German. Berne resisted the mandate, and insisted on the public preaching

of the Gospel; and the Council being obliged to accede, Farel preached in the church of the Franciscan convent, and made numerous proselytes.

Freybourg (a strictly Roman Catholic canton), disapproving of these proceedings, the deputies declared, in presence of the Council of Geneva, in April 1534, that the alliance on their part was at an end, and they publicly tore the seals from off the treaty which they had brought with them.

Berne now remained the only ally of Geneva, and its influence became paramount. The Reformers, thus emboldened, kept no measures; they swept away the insignia of the Roman Catholic worship; many families emigrated; and the Bishop, who had retired to Gex, excommunicated the town.

The sovereign Council of Geneva then declared that the Bishop's authority was at an end, and his see vacant. The canons retired to Annecy, whither the see of Geneva was finally transferred. On the 10th of August 1543, the Great Council forbade the mass *till further orders*. Another edict enjoined that God should be worshipped according

to the Gospel, etc. The Roman Catholic party in the town dwindled to nothing; but the nobles of Savoy and the Bishop blockaded Geneva, and annoyed and distressed the citizens. Berne remonstrated repeatedly, and for more than a twelvemonth, but without effect. The Duke, who was engaged in war with France, pleaded his inability to restrain his turbulent Savoyard nobles, which was not credited, as he had given repeated proofs of his insincerity respecting the stipulations of the treaty of St. Julien, and as he still held Bonnivard in prison at Chillon. On the other hand, Berne was probably not sorry to have an opportunity of seizing the Pays de Vaud. But the Bernese Council did not go hastily or rashly to work: well aware that the other Cantons were jealous of them, they wished to be assured of the support of their own countrymen, and with that view sent circular letters to all the communes of the Canton, representing the intolerable vexations inflicted by the Duke and his subjects upon their allies and religious brethren of Geneva, whom they declared it to be their intention to relieve.

Being assured, in answer, of the general sympathy of the people, and of their co-operation, the Great Council of Berne formally declared war against the Duke of Savoy, in consequence of his breach of the treaty of St. Julien, and of the state of intolerable oppression in which he held the inhabitants of Geneva on account of their religion.

The Bernese army, seven thousand strong, marched, in January 1536, by Morat, a scene well calculated to fortify their courage and kindle their enthusiasm against the oppressor; and, as they proceeded, they received the submission of most of the towns in the Pays de Vaud; Yverdun was the principal exception. Four thousand of the Duke's men, who were at Morges, crossed over to Savoy, after plundering the inhabitants, and committing all sorts of dreadful atrocities, in a country which they were going to leave for ever. In eleven days the Bernese entered Geneva, where they were hailed as deliverers. The Duke, Emanuel Philibert, successor to Charles, was at the same time attacked by the French, who conquered all Savoy, and the greater part

of Piedmont, so that he was stripped at once of nearly all his dominions. He sought refuge in Spain, and commanded the Spanish army that gained the battle at St. Quentin on St. Lawrence's day, in honour of which you recollect the Escurial was built.

The Valaisans on their side, by an agreement with Berne, took for themselves all that part of the Chablais which extends along the southern shore of the Lake of Geneva, as far west as the river Drance.

The Bernese now unexpectedly demanded of the Genevese the surrender of all the rights and revenues which the Duke and the Bishop had held over and from the city. The Genevese, surprised at the demand, calmly but firmly refused to comply with it. They sent deputies to Berne to represent that they had borne and suffered much for the maintenance of their independence, and besought their allies of Berne not to stain the glory of their generous assistance by enforcing oppressive pretensions; at the same time they offered to defray the expenses of the war. The

negotiations lasted five months, and luckily for the character of Berne, not less than for the independence of Geneva, the Bernese councils desisted from their unjust demand.

In August 1536, a treaty was concluded between the *free* town of Geneva and the Canton of Berne; which was afterwards converted into a perpetual alliance. Geneva retained all the lands of the bishop, chapter, and convents, and of the priory of St. Victor, the Bernese reserving to themselves an appellate jurisdiction over these said lands of Savoy, cases in which formerly appeal lay to the Duke of Savoy. The city and its territory were declared free from all jurisdictions of the neighbouring lordships.

It is a curious fact, that as soon as the Bernese claims had been set aside, the King of France sent a message to Geneva, with a project for uniting that city to his kingdom, under apparently very favourable conditions; but his offer was civilly though firmly rejected. Thus Geneva became a really independent Republic, and the Evangelical religion was solemnly established there. The

effects of these changes were soon perceived in the revival of activity, industry, and trade. A number of foreigners from France, Italy, and Savoy, came to reside within the walls of Geneva, bringing their property with them, for the sake of enjoying peace and liberty of conscience. The Genevese reaped the fruits of a seventeen years' hard struggle, during which they displayed a perseverance and steadiness of purpose beyond all praise.

The Castle of Chillon was the last place that surrendered. In the dungeons below the level of the lake was found Bonnivard, who had been confined there six years.

It was only in 1537, the year following the liberation of Geneva by the Bernese, and after its independence and religious liberty were both secured, that the celebrated preacher, John Calvin, a native of Picardy, made his first appearance in that city. He was obliged to effect his escape from where his doctrine had attracted the attention of the clergy and court of Rome. He found his way into Switzerland by an unfrequented path

over the Col de Ferret, which leads to the Val d'Aosta, by the Great St. Bernard, into the Valais. Passing through Geneva, he saw Farel, who earnestly invited him to fix his residence in that city. Calvin, though at first unwilling, was persuaded, and was appointed the same year Professor of Theology. He was then only twenty-seven years of age.

Both he and Farel went farther in their innovations than the Swiss reformers: they abolished all festivals but Sundays; discarded all ceremonies; and maintained the doctrine of predestination in all its sternness. Such conduct made them many enemies; and as Calvin and Farel would not submit to the decision of the synod then sitting at Lausanne, for the purpose of regulating the Reformed Church, they were ordered by the magistrates to leave Geneva in 1538; and Calvin went to Strasbourg, where he established a French Evangelical Church.

Soon after, a deputation was sent from Geneva to invite him to return, as his presence was found necessary to the maintenance of order and religion.

Farel had, in the mean time, settled at Neufchâtel, where he remained until his death. Calvin, on his return to Geneva in 1541, perceiving the necessity of a moral censorship, in order to restrain the prevalent licentiousness, proposed to establish a Consistory, to act as "Censor morum:" this and other regulations suggested by Calvin, concerning church government and discipline, were approved by the general council of all the citizens, and received the form of law in November 1541. The Consistory assembled every Thursday; and Calvin, who always attended the sittings, may be said to have been its presiding spirit. This institution of the Consistory has continued to our own days, though considerably modified.

Calvin also assumed the task of collecting and revising the old laws and edicts, so as to form a body of civil law for the Republic, which was approved of in 1543 by the Council General. At the same time, he did not overlook the cultivation of the mind; and he proposed and effected the establishment of a public college, called Academy, for teaching the arts and sciences, in which he

himself lectured three times a-week on theology; and which seminary soon acquired, and has since maintained, a high character among the schools of learning in Europe: it has been a nursery of clergymen and divines to the Reformed churches of France and other countries.

Calvin, notwithstanding his delicate frame and the numerous complaints to which he was subject, was truly indefatigable. He preached two or three times a-week; gave lectures; attended the Consistory; visited the sick; kept up a voluminous correspondence, both friendly and polemical; and wrote commentaries on the Scriptures, and other tracts. The influence of Calvin's searching and austere mind remained impressed on the manners and habits of the Genevese for ages after his death, and the stamp is not yet altogether obliterated. He was intolerant, according to the spirit of his age; but he was conscientious in his intolerance.

The execution of Michel Servetus is the great stain upon the memory of Calvin. Servetus was a Spanish physician, a man of a wild fantastic

mind, who had adopted the tenets of a particular sect, opposed to the doctrine of the Trinity; he wrote a book "De Trinitatis Erroribus,"* and held forth his doctrine in various places; he had, amongst others, disputed with Calvin, then a student at Paris; and again, by a singular fatality, came to Geneva, where Calvin now reigned paramount. He was tried and sentenced to the stake, as an obstinate heretic; although it appears that Calvin voted for a milder death. He was, however, burnt alive; another proof of what has often been observed, that the persecuted, when they get power, usually, and by almost a natural consequence, become, in their turn, persecutors. Calvin no doubt might have prevented the horrid deed, and he must always be condemned for having promoted or consented to it.

The character of Calvin is, I think, very fairly given in the following few lines by Vieusseux,

* I understand, that by late researches, Servetus has been vindicated from many of the worst accusations of his enemies; amongst whom Calvin was undoubtedly the foremost and most virulent, and whose name is indelibly stained by the cruelty and injustice of his conduct.

who says that he was a man of a powerful mind; his learning was very extensive; his Latin compositions are, in point of style, above those of his contemporaries; his arguments were powerful and well drawn. He had a deep, earnest will, and a most unbending determination. In his temper, he was far from amiable: he had all the overbearing vehemence of Luther, without the cheering warmth and straightforward frankness of the German reformer; he had neither the modest simplicity and self-control of Zwingli, nor the kind conciliatory feeling of Melancthon. Yet Geneva owes much to Calvin. He consolidated both its religious and municipal institutions; he founded its Academy, which has ever since maintained its reputation; and he made Geneva a model for the Evangelical Churches of other countries.

Calvin died, in May 1564, at the age of fifty-five, worn out by study and application, and the diseases incidental to his habits of over-exertion. He was buried without pomp or epitaph, as he had himself directed, in the common burying-ground of Plain Palais; and his funeral was

attended by almost the whole population. All the property he possessed at his death was valued at two hundred and twenty crowns. He left the care of his flock to his friend and disciple, Theodore de Beza. Calvin's works were published in nine volumes folio.

In the same year that Calvin died, a peace was concluded by Berne, that restored to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, the Chablais and the country of Gex, on condition that he should allow the free exercise of the Reformed Religion in those districts. The Duke faithfully maintained the article of the treaty concerning religion; but his successor, Charles Emanuel, disregarding his father's promise, drove away, in 1598, the reformed clergy from the Chablais, and abolished the Reformation by force; he also resumed a system of annoyance and intrigue against Geneva, and encouraged several conspiracies, for the purpose of recovering possession of that city.

At length, in 1602, he made a bold attempt to take the town by surprise. Under pretence of watching the movements of the French on his

frontiers, he assembled a body of troops near its walls, and in the night of the 12th of December, scaling ladders having been prepared for the purpose, a party of two hundred of the Duke's soldiers silently mounted the walls, while the rest waited outside for a signal to force the gate. They had been promised the plunder of the city; but it was providentially spared the horrors that would have followed their success. A sentry hearing noise in the ditch, gave the alarm; the citizens ran to arms and barricaded the streets, the guard at the gate let down the portcullis, and fired a cannon, which enfiladed the ditch, and swept away the ladders. The troops outside, seeing the attack had failed, began a retreat, while those that were in the town, being assailed on every side by the citizens, were either killed or thrown into the ditches. Thirteen were made prisoners, and hanged next day as midnight assassins. Theodore de Beza, who, owing to his great age, had discontinued preaching, next day mounted the pulpit, and began singing the 124th Psalm, in gratitude to the Almighty, who had snatched his countrymen from

the jaws of destruction. The anniversary of the escalade (so called from the ladders used on the occasion) has been ever since religiously kept at Geneva. The canton of Berne strongly resented this treacherous attack upon its ally; but the neutral cantons interfered, and a new treaty was at length concluded, in July 1603, by which the Duke of Savoy engaged not to raise any fortress or assemble any troops within sixteen miles of the city. From that time Geneva was left in the undisturbed enjoyment of its independence until the year 1798, when it became, like other parts of Switzerland, the scene of atrocities to which it is painful and useless to recur. Geneva, together with the whole Pays de Vaud, and a considerable portion besides of present Switzerland, was annexed to France; and the act of mediation on the part of Bonaparte in 1803, at the time so salutary in its effects of restoring tranquillity, did not influence the condition of Geneva, which remained subject to France until the year 1814, when the Allied Powers restored thrones, territories, and works of art, to their right owners.

Under their auspices a Diet assembled at Zurich, and laid the foundation of a new federal pact, on the basis of the independence of the Nineteen Cantons; and, at the same time, sent deputies to the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, who had met at Basle in 1814. The new Cantons had a powerful advocate in the person of Monsieur De lá Harpe, a native of Vaud, who had been tutor to the Emperor of Russia; and there is no doubt that the support of that sovereign saved both Vaud and Aargau at that time from falling again under the rule of Berne—which had already assumed a tone of authority towards its former subjects,—and consequently prevented a reaction over all the rest of Switzerland, and a return to the old system of sovereigns and subjects, and of exclusive aristocracies.

The results of this beneficial influence were soon felt. The ministers of Austria and Russia addressed a note to the Diet, in which they urged that assembly to accelerate the new organization of Switzerland, and to press the dissenting cantons

to send their deputies to Zurich for that object. But, even after this, Berne, Soleure, and Freybourg persisted in their refusal, unless the basis of the old Thirteen Cantons was first acknowledged. After many discussions and delays, the ministers of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, signified "that their sovereigns were ready to acknowledge the new federal constitution, on the basis of the Nineteen Cantons as then existing."

This decided the question, and Berne saw the propriety of no longer refusing to send its deputies to the Diet. Still, many claims and cavils were brought forward by several of the old Cantons, which gave rise to long altercations, protests, and counter-protests. Months after months were passed in this manner, until August 1814, when a strong note was presented by the foreign ministers, who had been joined by Mr. Stratford Canning, minister of Great Britain; in which "they expressed their deep regret that the plan of the new federal pact was not yet fixed, owing to the pretensions of certain Cantons, which had thrown discord into the Diet; they exhorted those Cantons to lay

aside for the present the consideration of all questions which were not of a general interest, and to set to work with national zeal for the common object of the federal organization of their common country: upon which condition, the ministers promised to exert themselves strenuously to obtain equitable compensation for their just claims, and especially for those of the canton of Berne. Should, however, their present recommendation not succeed in restoring unanimity to the national councils, the ministers would find themselves unable to continue their relations with the Diet." This note produced a most beneficial effect; for it silenced the unreasonable pretensions of the champions of the old order of things.

At the same time, the Allied Powers gave another proof of their favourable disposition towards Switzerland, by restoring to it the territories formerly dependent on the Bishop of Basle, which had been annexed to France. These territories, which form a natural portion of Switzerland on the line of the Jura, were annexed to the canton of Berne

as a compensation for its losses on the side of Aargau and Vaud. The Valais was likewise re-united to Switzerland, of which it became a canton. Neufchâtel, being restored to the King of Prussia, as its suzerain prince, was also, at its own request, admitted as a canton of the Swiss Confederation. Lastly, Geneva, having recovered its independence by means of the Allied arms, requested to become an integral part of Switzerland, of which it had been for ages an ally, and was readily received into the Confederation as an additional canton.

The new federal pact included, therefore, twenty-two cantons, all equally independent as sovereign states, and all forming integral parts of one confederacy. There were no longer partial allies, no longer subjects, or any other of the anomalies which disfigured and weakened the old Helvetic league. Switzerland became, what it never had been before, a compact body, resting upon its natural frontiers—the Alps, the Jura, and the Rhine.

In this respect, the decision of the Allied Powers

in 1814 was much more favourable to Switzerland than Bonaparte's Act of Mediation in 1803; which, by detaching from it the Valais, Geneva, the Bishopric of Basle, and Neufchâtel, broke into its boundaries, and kept it in a condition of weakness and of dependence upon France. Still it may be said, that Switzerland was remarkably fortunate in both instances. By the Act of Mediation, the most favourable terms were obtained that could possibly have been expected from a man who had, in all his decisions, a latent thought towards his own supremacy, or at least towards that of France, and whose friendship always implied some degree of bondage on the part of those on whom it was conferred. While, in 1814, the Allied Powers, having no object of the kind in view, acted more liberally and cordially in strengthening Switzerland as an independent state, which might form a barrier against any future encroachments from France. The decision of the Allied Powers was embodied in a solemn declaration, acknowledging and guaranteeing, on the part of the great powers of Europe—France

included—"the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland within her new frontiers." The Diet assembled at Zurich, in acceding cordially to this declaration, expressed "their warmest gratitude for the generous and friendly interference of the Allies."

On the 7th of August 1815, the federal compact of the Twenty-two Cantons was finally signed by all the deputies in the Diet assembled at Zurich. The deputies then repaired in procession to the Münster or Cathedral of Zurich, where they bound themselves by a solemn oath, and in the name of their constituents, to the faithful observance of its enactments.

"This federal pact," says Franscini, as well as other liberal writers, "cannot be said to have been imposed upon us by foreign influence. Whatever is in it, whether of good or imperfection, has been the work of the Swiss. It contains principles entirely national; some of which date from the oldest times of Swiss independence, whilst others are taken from the Act of Mediation of 1803, or are improvements upon the latter."

It will, however, be admitted that the Allied Powers were great benefactors to Switzerland, in preventing disunion, and enabling it to consolidate its interests, and abide by its own principles. Thus Geneva, formerly an ally of Switzerland, and afterwards incorporated with France, was at length restored to its independence by the Allied Sovereigns, and received into the bosom of the Swiss Confederation, now consisting of twenty-two cantons; which Confederation, you will doubtless recollect, had its origin in the oaths of the three brave men at Grütli, from the Forest Cantons, who, with each of their ten trusty followers, "raised their hands towards heaven, and calling on the Almighty to witness their engagement, swore to live and die for the rights of their oppressed countrymen, no longer to suffer injustice, and on their part to commit none."

These oaths were followed by the Convocation of the Confederates at Stanz, at some distance of time, and the regulations then made have ever since formed the basis of the Swiss Con-

federation: — and thus it stands; as from a small grain of mustard seed, it has arisen like a large tree, spreading forth its wide branches, and highly favoured by that Providence whose blessing was devoutly invoked by the peasant patriots at Grütli.

LETTER XXXVII.

Geneva.

THE Hotel des Bergues, where we are for the present comfortably settled, is an establishment on so immensely large a scale, that if it fell into Mr. Owen's hands, he might, by converting it into one of his parallelograms, have ample scope for trying the success of his plan respecting a moral world; but the proprietor, I suspect, will ignobly continue to prefer his individual interest to practising experiments for the benefit of a community. I walked out early this morning, and during my rambles I saw a statue in bronze, lately erected, of Rousseau, which has been spoken of unfavourably, but which we think extremely good. It is placed on a very small island, amidst some trees, quite apart from all habitations—

a very suitable situation. He was an anti-social being, who shunned mankind. It was said of him, "qu'il aimait les Tartares pour être dispensé d'aimer ses voisins."

The statue represents him seated, one hand holding a pen, the other an open book, and from these was suspended an enormous spider's web, as if the animal, to display its well-known venom, had chosen thus satirically to illustrate his literary labours.

Rousseau was the son of a watch-maker, and had been apprenticed to a tradesman, but he early emancipated himself from such trammels, and attained the liberty of being wretched according to his own taste. The general impression on his mind was, that mankind hated and were disposed to persecute him, whilst his own heart was overflowing with benevolence, philanthropy, and the most exalted love of virtue; but to the latter condition of mind his actions bore quite a contrary testimony, as he exhibited (generally speaking) the most flagrant contradictions between his sentiments and practices.

Mrs. Montague called Goldsmith "an inspired idiot;" she might have designated Rousseau a madman inspired by genius. During short intervals, in fitful moods, he seemed occasionally desirous of some friendly intercourse with different people, which, though fair in promise, always ended in wrath and bitterness on his side. However lamentable his condition was rendered by poverty, he never failed to misinterpret all kindnesses and favours shewn him; he turned them over in the furnace of his heated imagination, and converted them into fuel alike destructive of his own peace and of that of his benefactors, so far as it was practicable for him to annoy and distress them. The phlegmatic David Hume, and the generous Madame D'Epinay, each took pity on and wished to serve him; but much as he stood in need of their compassionate exertions, they found it impossible to be useful to him, his displeasure and indignation being excited in proportion as their benevolence towards him was called forth. He resembled in action the man of infelicitous words, who said, "I will be drowned, and no one shall help me."

Yesterday an original letter of Rousseau's was put into my hands by a relation of the person to whom it was addressed; it is so characteristic of the writer, I will copy it.

"*A Motier, le* 1 8*bre,* 1763.

"Si le froid s'adoucit que le tems soit beau, et mon état supportable, je compte partir d'aujourdhui en huit, pour tâcher dans un pélerinage de quatre ou cinq jours d'échapper aux espions et aux importuns. Si ce projet vous duit,* et que vous vouliez être mon compagnon de voyage, venez, et tâchez d'arriver au plus tard le Samedi 8, pour diner.

"Je vous connais peu, cher Beauchateau, mais je vous crois vertueux et bon, voila tout ce qu'il me faut. Par dessus cela vous êtes aimable, ma fortune est faite pour ces trois jours. Surtout venez seul, et ne parlez de rien à personne.

"A Monsieur Beauchateau, Horloger,

"Au Cendrier, à Genève."

* *Duit* is an old French word, not found in modern Dictionaries.

Rousseau did not sign his name, no doubt from dread of "les espions et les importuns;" probably as purely fanciful beings as some of the other creatures of his vivid and powerful imagination.

The bookseller who shewed me Rousseau's letter had also the kindness to let me see and take a copy of an original letter of Bonaparte's, written to his predecessor in the library where I read it.

"Je m'addresse directement à vous Monsieur pour vous prier de me faire passer les Memoires de Madame Warens et de Claude Anet, pour servir de suite aux Confessions de J. J. Rousseau.

"Je vous priérai également de m'envoyer les deux derniers volumes de l'Histoire des Revolutions de Corse, par l'Abbé Germands. Je vous serais obligé de me donner notes des ouvrages que vous avez sur l'Ile de Corse, ou que vous pourriez me procurer promptement.

"*J'entends* votre réponse pour vous envoyer l'argent à *quoi* cela montera.

Vous pourrez m'addresser votre lettre à Monsieur

de Buonaparte, officier d'artillerie, au regiment de la Fère, en garnison à Valence, en Dauphiné."

The above letter, addressed in 1786, à Monsieur Paul Barde, Libraire à Genève, besides manifest faults, which may have been accidental, is written in a poor, wretched, scarcely legible hand.

Had Bonaparte not afterwards wielded the sword better than he did the pen at this early period of his life, the words of the friend of Job would not have been as applicable to him as they now seem. — "They that come after him shall be astonished at his day, as they that went before were affrighted."

* * * * *

I am just returned from Ferney, the celebrated mansion of Voltaire, about five miles distant from this, now occupied by the owner, Count de Budé. Whether from good taste or not, he suffers the whole to wear a neglected air, which gives a satisfactory impression that all remains in *statu quo*, as left sixty years ago.

We drove through an avenue of trees, to a court-

yard planted with shrubs, enclosed by a low iron railing and gate. The house is of good size, and substantially built; a flight of large steps in the middle lead to the hall door, and at either end are two lesser flights of steps; one conducting to the former library, the other to the salon of Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece. Over each door is a window: nine windows are in the centre and larger division of the house, all of them faced with cut stone. The first entrance-hall is an ordinary apartment, with doors opening thence into good large rooms, one of which I conclude was the *salle à manger*.

What we should call the inner hall, is fitted up as a sitting-room, and contains several indifferent pictures, one of which, painted according to Voltaire's own directions, is allegorical, representing him *en robe de chambre*, holding open the "Henriade," and conducted by its hero to the Temple of Apollo, who is surrounded by the Muses as admiring spectators, not attired quite so modestly as the *Sœurs de Charité*. Adjoining the sitting-room is the bed-chamber Voltaire occu-

pied, which we were assured is just as he left it, excepting that the curtains are reduced by petty thefts to the length of a Highlander's kilt; enough remains to shew they were of blue-and-gold-coloured satin. The walls are covered with the same material, and are decorated with some better pictures than are in the salon. One, of his own keen sharp visage, reminded me of the lines written under his portrait, I think by Doctor Young:

> "You are so wicked, witty, and so thin,
> We see united Milton's Death and Sin."

Two large handsome portraits of Madame du Châtelet and Madame Denis, are on either side of the fire-place. There is also, surrounded by a wreath of flowers (said to be embroidered by herself), a likeness, in profile, of Catherine II. of Russia. I thought of what a French lady, not of the very best character, said to a friend whose countenance displayed alarm, on hearing that she had written her own memoirs. "Ne vous fachez point mon amie. Je n'ai donné mon portrait qu'en buste," and I suppose the Empress was

of opinion she should herself be best handed down to posterity "en buste." A vile daub of Frederick of Prussia, which might be taken for the representation of a drunken corporal, given by himself, forms a suitable companion for the lady, although he looks as unlike as possible one whom destiny entitled to pronounce his often-used phrase "mon métier de Roi."

The known parsimony of Frederick, of which his *soi-disant* friend gives many disgraceful anecdotes in his own memoirs, I suppose prevented the *gage d'amitié* being of a better description. There are some other pictures in the room; but the most conspicuous object is a sort of monument that at the first glance has the appearance of a large stove. It consists of a pedestal and an urn. The latter was intended to contain Voltaire's heart, and is surmounted by his bust. It was placed there by the Marquise de Villette, to whom he had shewn kindness that did him honour, when she was an unprotected orphan. After his death, she and her husband resided in the house, together with Madame Denis. He left

his property amongst them. There are two inscriptions on the monument—"Mes mânes sont consolés puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous;" the other is, "Son esprit est partout, est son cœur est ici;" both assertions perhaps equally true; for his heart either never was there, or it has been long since removed.

An adjoining closet was his *cabinet de travail.* It is not shewn, nor are any but the two I have just mentioned;—those near the entrance-hall, into which I had a passing glance, are unfurnished, and usually kept closed.

To allow the rooms the philosopher more particularly occupied to remain in *statu quo*, is a great concession to the curious public on the part of the Count de Budé, who has a very large family. He is now eighty-five, and has been four times married. He has sons and daughters of different ages, from sixty to sixteen.

The estate of Ferney, consisting of seven hundred acres, was purchased from one of his ancestors by Voltaire; the recovery of it was a natural wish, on the part of the Count, which he accomplished.

We next went into the garden, where the house presents a front exactly similar to that towards the entrance. The arrangement of the garden remains unchanged: a long narrow grass-plot in the middle; a walk and trees on either side of it; then a large round basin or pond of water; and beyond, grass and trees, less formally disposed. There is no view whatever from the house, except of green alleys, where each one "has its brother."

On the left is a berçeau — a double row of trees. The old gardener said, that, when a boy, he saw Voltaire walking there daily. There are openings cut in the foliage, like windows, which admit a very fine view of the Alps, including Mont Blanc. At the end of this terrace he had a seat and table, where he was in the habit of writing: he was fond of being in the open air; for, besides his usual walks and sitting out of doors, he every day took a drive in a grand coach, drawn by four black horses.

The philosopher of Ferney, it appears, loved the pomp and state of a great seigneur; and, it is

said, he punished with severity the least infraction of his seignorial rights. He was looked up to with much awe by the little colony he drew around; who, in a neighbouring small village, subsisted chiefly on money spent by the numerous guests at the château. One of them certainly was Gibbon; but I doubt very much — indeed, I may say, I wholly disbelieve — the authenticity of a story of his making his entrée, which was related to us as follows.

He and Voltaire, from some cause unknown, had written satires on each other at a time when they were personally unacquainted. Voltaire likewise used his pen to illustrate one of his productions, and sketched a caricature of Gibbon as a dwarf — possibly a likeness — having "un gros ventre, nez plat, et tête enorme." Some time after, Gibbon went to Geneva, and called on Monsieur Tronchin, the friend and physician of Voltaire, and said — "Voltaire se moque de moi, je veux aller le voir à Ferney, car on dit qu'il n'est pas beau." Two days after he went to Ferney. Voltaire desired Madame Denis to shew

him every kind of attention, but refused to see him. Gibbon, resolved on attaining his object, sent away his carriage, etc., and remained three days in the house, living with the ladies, who had several times hinted his visit was sufficiently protracted. At length, Voltaire, weary of self-imprisonment, sent him a billet.

"Monsieur,—
"Don Quichote prenait des auberges pour des châteaux;
Mais vous, vous prenez mon château pour une auberge."

Gibbon replied—

"En ces lieux je comptais voir le Dieu du Génie
L'entendre, lui parler et m'instruire en tout point,
Mais comme Lucullus, à qui je porte envie,
Chez vous on boit, on mange, et l'on ne vous voit point."

Gibbon then left the house. During his stay he had been very liberal to the servants, and learned from them the habits of their master.

Some time afterwards he returned to Ferney on foot. He asked the coachman to let him see a young mare that was a great favourite, and said

to him—"Eh bien, mon ami, si tu veux *la* mener dans le grand berçeau de Charmille où va se promener ton maitre, et *la* laisser courir, je te donnerai un bon pour boire." The servant complied, and Gibbon hid himself in the berçeau. Voltaire was in his library, from whence he issued in a violent passion, and demanded why the mare was suffered to be within those precincts. The coachman pretended the animal had accidentally escaped. Gibbon came forth from his hiding-place, clapped his hands with great glee, saying, "Adieu, Monsieur, je t'ai vu cette fois; tu n'es pas beau non plus." Voltaire's rage was redoubled; however, he desired Wagniere, his secretary, to run after Gibbon, and demand twelve sous for having seen la bête. "C'est juste," replied Gibbon, "en voila vingt-quatre; tu diras à ton seigneur, que j'ai payé pour deux séances. Je reviendrai demain."

When the secretary reported the answer, his master exclaimed, "Ce diable est plus méchant que moi, il me jouera quelque mauvais tour, il faut faire ma paix avec lui. Wagniere, il faut

aller l'inviter à venir diner demain avec moi." Next day, Voltaire sent a written invitation, and his carriage in great state, to bring him to Ferney. Gibbon accepted of both favours. Voltaire received him as he alighted, and presented him to the company asked to meet him. No allusion was made to what had passed. Gibbon afterwards paid him frequent visits of two or three days; and "il ne fut plus question de ce qui s'était passé dans l'Allée de Charmille."

This anecdote I have abridged and translated from a printed paper, which I got for a trifle from a very old man, who lives in a cottage close to Ferney. He assured me that he received all the particulars from Voltaire's secretary, his own relation; adding, that when a boy he had often seen the philosopher, and been a great deal in his house.

The octogenarian also shewed us several articles, some of great value, that had belonged to Voltaire; many of whose papers have come into his possession. He has a large book, in which Voltaire fixed most neatly hundreds of seals, taken from

the letters of persons who had written to him; under each seal was placed the owner's name, and mostly also a pithy character, as "un fou," "un sot," etc. He made use of these seals for reference, so that he could refuse to receive letters a second time without being ignorant whose epistles he rejected.

The old man has his room surrounded by framed prints that belonged to Voltaire; a great number of whose letters he possesses. I purchased one, written in his own hand, after his leaving Ferney for the last time: it was addressed to his major-domo, and begins thus—

"17 *Mai* 1778, *Paris.*

"J'ai reçu, mon cher ami, votre lettre du huit Mai avec une grande consolation; j'en avais besoin. Je crains bien d'avoir changé mon bonheur contre la fumée, d'ailleurs ma maladie augmente tous les jours. On me ruine pour achever une maison dans Paris, et je ne bâtis que mon tombeau. Si j'étais assez heureux pour jouir de cette maison quelques années avec une santé moins deplorable,

soyez très sur que je viendrais tous les ans passer quatre mois à Ferney; mais je suis actuellement dans les horreurs de la souffrance et de la ruine."

He never returned to Ferney; he died on the 30th of May, a few days after writing that striking, and alas! too applicable, sentence — "Je crains bien d'avoir changé mon bonheur contre la fumée." Although "it is not ours to judge, far less condemn," we may at least conclude, that had he better employed his great talents, he would not have stood in need of the poor consolations of theatrical representations and of receiving the homage of the salons, to which he clung when flesh and spirit failed.

The church built by him outside his gate is standing. It is now only used as a common barn for farming purposes. A neat church has been erected in the neighbouring village, to supply the place of that which has been very properly abandoned by Christians whose Saviour he reviled, and, not knowing whom, "how vain was all he knew."

LETTER XXXVIII.

Geneva.

We have passed this day partly in shopping and partly in seeing sights; and whilst engaged in the former occupation, I was tempted to convert my plain uninteresting pieces of gold into articles of the same material, so beautifully wrought, that I fancy myself a great gainer by the exchange; whether I am so in reality *c'est una autre chose,* but certainly chains, bracelets, and watches, are to be had here in perfection. The workmanship of the latter is considered to be unrivalled, excepting in London, where it cannot be done so cheaply. The biographer of Voltaire asserts that he protected and obtained encouragement for the first manufacturers of watches at Geneva, who were a persecuted set of persons, cast adrift upon the

world, by some cause or other that I forget. Certain it is that many places have been indebted for the establishment of manufactures to the persecution that has driven workmen from their homes. To the French Huguenots who sought an asylum in England we owe the excellence of our art in the manufacture of silk. As storms scatter seeds of vegetation, and instead of merely causing desolation are productive of fertility to the barren soil, so Providence overrules the outbreakings of mens unholy passions, and renders them the source of riches to far distant lands.

The magnificent Rhone flows through this city, embellishing it and conferring innumerable advantages on the inhabitants, by the close vicinity of its deep blue rapidly moving waters, bearing away obnoxious stuff, and affording endless variety and beauty to look upon. Several bridges cross it, connecting the different parts of the town. Houses and gardens are numberless on the banks, in all directions. We went a short distance, to one of the villas, to see where and how this beautiful river forms a very unsuitable alliance

with the dark sombre-looking Arve, like Proserpine borne away by Pluto. For more than a mile they retain their distinct appearance, but at length blend fate and colour in a common destiny, and the Rhone loses its bright pre-eminence for ever. We returned home, and went to dine in the country with the agreeable, enlightened, and amiable family of the Prevosts. We are also fortunate in having been previously acquainted with the charming family of the Patrys Aubert, and the dignified, accomplished, and highly-gifted Madame Tronchin. This latter lady was well acquainted with Monsieur and Madame Necker, and their daughter, Madame de Stäel, of whom she speaks with admiration, feeling, and tenderness; and as probably you will like to have from my pen an account of the residence of that celebrated lady, I will give you some of the particulars of our visit. We were told by a lady in our hotel, just as we were setting off, that we had no chance of seeing Coppet, as the present owner, the widow of the late Baron de Stäel, the Duke de Broglie, and his son, are staying there. We resolved, however,

to pursue our plan as far as we could, take our drive, and see at least the outside of the house. On arriving there, we were met by a respectable woman, who said, as we expected, that the château is not shewn at present, unless, she added, you have a letter from some friend of the Duke or of Madame de Stäel. We were not provided with one, and expressed to each other our regret that we had not asked for such from a gentleman, whose name being mentioned acted like "open sesame," for she withdrew an instant, and returned saying that she had orders to admit us. We then entered a large square inner court: one side consists of the entrance and porter's lodge; two are formed by the large and handsome château; and the fourth by a high slender iron railing, flanked by short round tower-like buildings; the centre portion of this side is a gate—surmounted, as is the hall door, with the De Stäel arms rendered in ample dimensions — opening into an extensive park. This inner court is surrounded with flowers and shrubs, all blooming. The house is large, well kept, and plain, in the exterior.

On the ground floor is a very long room, lined with glass bookcases of moderate height, on which are placed numerous bronze busts. Here Madame de Stäel was accustomed, together with others, to act in Plays of her own composition: she performed in this room for the last time in 1815, two years before her death. Inside the library is a bedroom, richly furnished; the walls are hung with very fine bright tapestry, and all else is suitable. This apartment was allotted for the use of the beautiful Madame Recamier.

The drawing-room is of a moderate size, and upstairs; the furniture is of rich brocaded red and white satin; towards the middle stands a small piano. On either side of the fire-place are full-length portraits of Monsieur and Madame Necker: the countenance of the former, I think, gives one the idea of his being amiable; but not strong or powerful minded, which I fancy was the truth; the picture of Madame, represents her as *spirituelle*, and very elegant; she is dressed in the costume of the early part of Louis the XVIth's reign. She was most tenderly attached to her husband,

and it is a fact that some time before her death she wrote a vast number of letters which she sealed and addressed to him—being persuaded she could thus soften to him, the affliction of her loss, by the continuance with her of an imaginary intercourse. I dare say that Mrs. Rowe's "Letters from the Dead," had been recently published, and suggested the idea. Instead of finding themselves consoled by such means, I believe husbands in general, on the score of their grief being kept too acutely alive, would decline a posthumous correspondence, and would prefer trying to assuage their sorrow by some of the more ordinary methods that experience warrants them in supposing, notwithstanding their deprivation, may have so far beneficial effects as to reader life supportable; but Necker was a husband "comme il n'y en a point." His wife's *billets doux*, and perhaps at the same time a cup of camomile tea, were brought to him before he rose every morning; the bitter taste of the one, and the wholesome reflections suggested by the other, doubtless had their salutary effects during the day; but we will not indulge a smile

with regard to this family of love, whose ardent affection for each other I am persuaded was never surpassed.

* * * * *

Over the chimney-piece, in the drawing-room, is a portrait of Madame de Staël, from which all the prints I have seen of that celebrated lady are taken: the short waist, and the clinging drapery in which she is robed, are very unbecoming to her *embonpoint;* a tight close turban, is in equally bad taste. The flowing garments of the Cumean Sibyl would have suited much better. The countenance however is fine and highly intellectual—the mouth looks large and full, and as if it was kept closed with difficulty, which I doubt not was observed by many who had the good fortune to see the original. She was a noble production; and, as I think it was said of Shakspeare, that nature had broken the mould in which he was cast; so I suspect it is the same with regard to this singular woman. Yet Egerias, and Sibyls, and Pythian prophetesses, do visit this earth from time to time, and she was unquestionably a near

family connexion of theirs; and never was the inspiration of genius more calculated than hers to excite enthusiasm, for, besides possessing vast and astonishing powers of mind, she was the most generous, self-sacrificing of friends, the most enlarged in charity towards such as had erred, or could plead a want or a suffering; a daughter whose filial love was a passion, and a mother that shewed the same intensity of feeling in that relation.

One drawback alone presents itself in contemplating her character, and that, probably, would not have existed if hers had been a marriage of choice; it was made by others, *selon le règle,* of the old French school, of which it was an established law that a lady must never have a decided preference before marriage.

Any one who is acquainted with her touching and glowing sentiments on the subject of wedded love, in her eloquent *Discours sur les Passions,* will regret that it was not her lot to be united to a husband to whom she could have been attached, as her Corinne was to Oswald; but it is possible that, under any circumstances, her ideas of happiness might not

have been fully realized in the relation she extols. With a melancholy conviction of what so often happens to her sex (and was, probably, judged of by her own experience) she portrays in her heroine a capacity of loving much greater than was responded to by the doubting, faltering object of too ardent an affection.

She placed this subject in an exaggerated point of view, as far as we females are concerned, by saying that love forms the history of a woman's existence, and only an episode in that of the more sagacious portion of our species; however, some of the "discreetest, wisest, best" of the male sex are, occasionally, as well as ourselves, forced to confess they "love not wisely, but too well."

Had a happy marriage, which concentrates affections, been Madame de Staël's fate, she might have written less, her genius have gone less abroad, and not have diffused itself over the world; but she would have been honoured and respected, as well as admired.

That imperfection in some shape or other, in some greater or less degree, is the inevitable doom of us

mortals, from which we cannot escape so long as we are denizens of this lower world, is a truth that never struck me more forcibly than whilst reflecting upon any shade having fallen on the character of one possessing her transcendant qualities of head and heart.

By much the handsomest picture in the drawing-room is a portrait of the Duchess de Broglie; her large mild dark eyes reminded us of a Madonna by Carlo Dolce,—a Mater dolorosa; it was done when she was in affliction for the loss of a daughter fifteen years old.

In a room leading from the drawing-room is a billiard-table, and on the chimney-piece a marble bust of Monsieur Rocca, who must have been a very handsome man: he was a Genevese, of respectable family; he went early into the army, and served in Spain, where he was wounded; his health suffered in consequence, and he only survived, by a few months, his illustrious wife. Their son was brought up near Paris, and was lately married; he is now Madame de Staël's only surviving child. Monsieur Rocca, his uncle, who resides at Geneva, took the

best care of his fortune, which is considerable, and the Duke de Broglie did the same by his education.

We were next shewn Madame de Stäel's *cabinet de travail*,—her writing-table stands open just as when she poured forth "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." The apartment is usually occupied by the Duke; he kindly allowed us to see it, although we interrupted him: of course we stayed only a few minutes, but I had time to observe, placed upright on a desk, another picture, lovely as the former one —of the Duchess, who died about two years ago: it is a sort of large miniature (if such an expression be allowable) that shuts up in a leathern case, and is rendered portable. This single beautiful picture, also resembling a Madonna, made me feel as if I were in a chapel where prayers are offered, of which she may in part form the subject, when her husband kneels to supplicate for resignation for her loss. I thought of the concluding line of Cowper's exquisite poem on his Mother's picture, and wished it might be applicable to the Duke's feelings:

"Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

We found the adjoining room had been the bed-chamber of Madame de Staël; her body was brought from Paris, and laid there in state, until removed to the burial-place of the family—a small enclosure in the park—not opened to visiters.

Coppet is altogether a very handsome residence, kept in the best manner, but exhibiting no traces of its proprietors having at any time cultivated a taste for the picturesque. There is scarce any view from the house, none at all of the lake near which it is situated. The park is extensive, and has some good trees, all that can be said in its favour; it is a flat ordinary piece of unembellished ground; the *tout ensemble* gives the impression of the seat of an opulent person, and nothing more. A small village seems an appendage to the château. We met the Duke de Broglie, and his son (a fine lad, about eighteen), as we were leaving the park.

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On returning to Geneva, we stopped to inquire for letters; and, just at the entrance of the bureau, I saw something lying on the ground. I could

not at first distinguish what it was; but I too quickly ascertained it to be a chamois, thrown on its side; the four legs were tied tightly together, only its quick, bright, moving eye was at liberty. The dead ass of sentimental notoriety was not to be compared to this sight, for calling forth genuine compassion. It was impossible to suppress emotion on seeing the poor victim flung prostrate, brought from its home far away, from haunts where only its kind can exist, and where, unmolesting all living things besides, it desires but to tread the giddy precipice, to browse, and range upon crags that admit of no other footsteps intruding into regions of eternal snow — privileges which, as none else can share, it seems cruel to infringe. It was in vain for me to expostulate with the owner. A speedy termination was, I hope, put to the poor animal's sufferings: dead, it would be far less distressing to look upon than was the living, panting, manacled chamois.

I fully anticipate that one of the minor blessings of heaven will be an exemption from witnessing the sufferings of the brute creation, whose wrongs

and injuries here meet our eyes so frequently, and when necessarily endured in silence, are thereby rendered more impressive. I sometimes regret that a horse cannot, like an ass or pig, assail the ears of its tyrant with such persuasive sounds as to induce him for his own sake to shorten as much as possible the victim's pangs.

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To-morrow is to be our last day at Geneva; and, being Sunday, we shall pass it quietly at home.

SUNDAY. — This is the fast-day we heard announced at Vevay. A national address of the same purport as the former was read, recapitulating the causes for thankfulness and gratitude being manifested by the people at large for blessings so abundantly bestowed on them.

We went at eight o'clock this morning to the cathedral, where we heard a good sermon, and also a second, at a later service in the course of the day, from two very respectable preachers; but neither of them to be compared with the reverend

gentleman at Vevay, whose discourse, I trust, will not soon pass from our minds.

I wish it were possible I could have frequent opportunities of hearing him; for, as the flying fish cannot keep long in the air without dipping its wing in the wave, so the soul, to be preserved from dryness and sterility, requires to be refreshed by the frequent communication of truths regarding heaven, which lift us above "this dim spot called earth," and render us more efficient in our duties whilst bound to it.

The Cathedral is very ancient—a grand, simple, Gothic building: it contains some interesting monuments. There is, however, none erected to Calvin. At St. Paul's, in London, we are directed to look around, and behold Sir Christopher Wren's monument. The overflowing Protestant congregation at Geneva answers the same purpose, as regards Calvin.

LETTER XXXIX.

Geneva.

We went early this morning to see the Arsenal, which is full of the armour taken in 1602, from the troops of Savoy, who by means of painted black ladders entered at the dead of night, and as they believed possessed themselves of this city; but when morning dawned, their whole body, as I have already related, were discomfited, slain, or taken prisoners. They were not suffered to use their ladders for the purpose of retreat. The anniversary of the day upon which those trophies were hung on the walls of the Arsenal, is still celebrated in the churches of Geneva; where, in common with the rest of Switzerland, religious worship and thanksgiving are usually connected with the memorable events of history. An admirable plan for keeping alive the gratitude of a nation to the

Supreme Being; but it might also be attended with inconvenience: had the anniversaries of the victories gained at Agincourt and Poictiers ever been celebrated by us, should we continue such an act when we lost or resigned those places? Besides, our victories have been so numerous, we might find their celebration too engrossing of our time, as the frequent recurrence of Saints' days is said to be in Catholic countries. It is not, however, the acquisition of territory that the Swiss commemorate, but the repulsion of the invaders of their liberty.

We were amused by seeing in the Arsenal whole ranges of suits of the richest armour, taken on occasion of the escalade from the noble prisoners of Savoy. Several are much ornamented, and seem to have been intended to be worn by knights who sought or gained the prize from the hand of beauty in the tilted field, at the Joust or Tournament. Near to them are some few of the rusty implements which the inhabitants first laid hold on when roused from their midnight sleep; and amongst these is shewn an iron saucepan which, brandished by an ancient amazon, conferred on a gallant youth, not

a prize, but a death wound. The truth of this anecdote is confidently asserted, although the annals of chivalry are silent on the subject. The polished and decorated armour that proved good for nothing to the wearers by the side of the coarse articles so effective for their purpose, reminded me of the difference between the bright and useless lamp and that of real power, but of homely appearance, on which so much depended in the "Arabian Night's Tale."

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We bade adieu with considerable regret to Geneva. At about the distance of five miles from thence we entered Savoy, and perceived immediately a striking difference in the aspect of this country; the border-land is ill cultivated, and the hedges are neglected. We observed only a few indifferent houses until we reached the small town of Bonneville, where we dined, and went afterwards to look at a pillar surmounted by a statue of the King of Sardinia. It bears an inscription setting forth the services his Majesty had rendered by making embankments to prevent the river overflowing the

country. The river is now very narrow, but a wide space it still retains as its own domain of pebbles and sand, which for miles give a comfortless appearance, like a vast apparatus made to contain a shrunken body.

We continued our route, the scenery improving; and passed through the small town of Cluses, built in a recess of the mountains; these are so close, that it is in fact a gorge, like Lauterbrunnen—resembling it also in the vociferous torrent, by the side of which the road winds, and in the luxuriant fertility abounding, unless where massive, gigantic rocks forbid the subtle influences of vegetation to make their way.

It is said that much of the fine work for the Geneva watches is done at Cluses. Lace-makers, when executing the finest portions of their craft, live in a dark room, and suffer light to enter only through a small aperture, and where it does fall it becomes stronger than if diffused; a small glimpse of the sky can alone be had at Cluses, and therefore I suppose it is particularly well adapted for the manufacture of the delicate mechanism of watches and musical-boxes.

At some miles distance from Cluses, towards sunset, Mont Blanc appeared, spread out in great breadth before us, like the extended eagle of the Roman empire, denoting wide sovereignty. When we drew near, the tints of "celestial rosy red" which the sun gives, like a glowing kiss, to its nearest snow-clad neighbour of this earth, had passed away, and Mont Blanc was lighted up by no adventitious charms: it looked grand, solemn, and sublime.

We alighted at the little inn at St. Martin, and from the balcony beheld a charming scene—the daylight was just departing. Some one of us began to repeat Lord Byron's beautiful lines, which we felt assured must have been written on such an evening—

"Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

That sovereign lady of the sky did come forth in peerless beauty, casting such radiance: I felt as if I had not known the transforming powers of the lustre it confers upon this earth, until I saw its soft rays falling upon Mont Blanc, as if *there* was found a suitable resting-place that would not contaminate their purity. I left the balcony at a late hour, and to say the truth, was convinced in my own mind that Mont Blanc has much better pretensions than his Majesty of the Celestial empire to be designated "Brother of the Moon." But it would not be wise of us to add to our difficulties in the East by attempting to establish the more rightful claim to the title, particularly as our re-unions at the tea-table, so necessary to our comfort, might be disturbed by our interference; and altogether not being over anxious on the subject, soon closed my eyes on this earth, which seemed itself a heaven, whence all evil was excluded; but shortly after I opened them, this morning, it was to look upon a more extended scene of wretchedness than I hope the world often presents. At a short distance from

our hotel, on the opposite side of the river, is the village of Sallenches. A fire occurred there, on the Easter Sunday before last, arising from the merest accident. A high gale of wind scattered flakes of burning wood from the roofs of houses; the conflagration that ensued was dreadful, and some hundreds of poor people, who had left comfortable homes, to attend church in the morning, found themselves at night without shelter. Blackened ruins met our eyes on all sides: rebuilding goes on but slowly. I understand that little or no assistance is given by the government. The inhabitants, whose misery is pictured in their countenances, drag on an existence in the rudest huts imaginable, those of the Esquimaux not excepted.

I could not but wish that a royal progress might be made in this direction. This sad scene could not fail to verify the truth of the old saying—"what the eye sees the heart feels;" and pomp, letting fall some crumbs from its table, might cheer and comfort its forlorn subjects.

In addition to barren wishes, and fancying what it would be well for others to do, some of our party

judging it to be more to the purpose, dropped our mite into a box, properly secured, and destined to aid the sufferers.

The scenery around the village of Sallenches is indescribably fine: the village is situated in a valley, of which Mont Blanc is the monarch *de facto*, and the adjacent mountains are like the feudal barons of the paramount lord, and bold and formidable they look. A noble river winds its way through the valley. The works of Nature are all in fine and grand harmony; we turned to them from the painful contemplation that "man alone droops in sadness."

In walking back to the inn we had a good view of the lofty mountain behind it; the top of which is composed of scarped, sharp-pointed rocks, that look like the crown of feathers on the head of an Indian chief turned into stone.

We ordered Chars à banc—carriages that have been compared to a sofa, set on wheels, and drawn by horses or mules: two of us being seated on each vehicle, we set off for the Baths of *Saint Gervais*. This was my dear mother's name,—she being of a

French family,—I was rather surprised to find the name given to a district in Savoy; it is the case in France, but there it might be expected. We went to the Baths, without going to the village of the same name. The road lay amidst beautiful scenery, and mountains covered with trees, and most luxuriant verdure;—the whole shut in from the world by some of the great towering ramparts which had excited our wondering admiration at St. Martin.

The cold grey rock, of which the distant Dome de Gauté and the Aiguille de Gauté are composed, is a fine contrast to the rich green that clothes the nearer mountains on both sides. A rushing river was the companion of our way; it proceeds from a large body of water that falls from a considerable height, at a little distance from the Baths. They are erected on the only level spot visible in any direction; they are very extensive, built in rows like streets, with balconies across connecting them. As I stood on one, serving as a bridge, casting my eyes on the buildings beneath, many of the outer walls of which are painted—if I had not known exactly my *locale*—and had been told I was in the

midst of excavations at Pompeii, I should have said my expectations were answered, by the specimens before me, although they are, probably, very unlike any portion of the disinterred city.

The summer visiters had all left the Baths, so we ranged over them at pleasure. As we had gone some miles out of our way on this excursion, it was necessary to retrace our steps, until we got into the direct road to Chamouny: having done so, we began to ascend a very steep mountain, the sides of which were clothed with trees, whose foliage was of the most vivid green; some of them bending under a weight of fruit. Even vines were to be seen occasionally; and the turf was of an emerald brightness. I was surprised to observe such verdure at so great a height.

Horace Walpole's love of "greenth" would have been satisfied there even to satiety.

We passed thrugh two small villages; at length we came to a large level marshy piece of ground, crossed by some little streams, which had been a lake more than fifty feet deep. In 1837, after heavy rain, there was a land slip; some portion

of the neighbouring mountain, with all its dependencies of rocks, earth, and trees, was precipitated forward, and filled up the lake. It is said, in the situation it occupied, to have been very beautiful, and to have reflected the brightness of Mont Blanc; if so, its image must have been conveyed by means of the atmosphere, as it cannot be seen on the spot in *propria persona*.

The day was charming—a bright blue sky over and around us; we continued still to ascend, and crossed a bridge over the great river Arve, its foaming whiteness making apparent that it issues forth from the snowy regions, towards which we were bending our steps. We stopped on the bridge to admire a striking object: where the river recedes at a little distance, there rises out of it a high perpendicular rock, of the dimensions and general appearance of an immense square tower, standing quite detached, in appearance resembling such as were formerly built either for purposes of residence or defence, or of both united; the ruins of some of which strongholds now form a striking feature on the banks of the Rhine. We delayed some

time to allow of Fanny's making a sketch; and then went on our way rejoicing, exhilarated by the fine air, the bright sun and sky, for all must rejoice if their "bosom's lord" is not oppressed with care or sorrow; who can look around on such various beauties, and say, "My Father made them all!"

At length, over the tops of a range of mountains covered with rich dark pines, appeared "The King of the Mountains," the highest in Europe; its garb of smooth pure snow, looked to our eyes as if none but the softest zephyrs could have ever breathed upon its surface. A light fleecy cloud hung partially over, like the thin drapery of a marble statue that serves but to enhance the excellence of the form it does not conceal.

As we drew near to Chamouny, we saw Mont Blanc assuming a different aspect; instead of appearing as we had latterly beheld it, "alone in its glory," it branched out into what is called "La chaine de Mont Blanc;" like a patriarch supported by, and having rule over, a long line of family ramifications—and a great diversity of

appearance is amongst them, as great as the human family presents—green mountains run up into the regions of frozen snow, and there lay down their heads. Trees and bright verdure creep into the fissures of the rocks, until, overpowered by eternal snow, further progress is denied; broad glaciers descend to the level earth, as if great rivers were precipitating themselves forward to create a great deluge, and had been arrested in their onward course by the Word that bade oceans roll so far and no farther. The great superb summit of Mont Blanc towering over all.

> "So pure, so free from earthly dye,
> It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
> Part of the heaven to which 't is nigh."

The vale of Chamouny, surrounded by such objects, has been appropriately called "a glorious Temple of Nature;" it is well fitted for the worship of God, and author of the Universe.

LETTER XL.

Chamouny.

THIS place is said to have derived its present name from the earlier one given to it of Campus Munitus, or fortified field, from the giant guardians of Nature's own placing, that so well defend it. At a later period in the eleventh century, it was called *Le Prieuré,* and was about that period annexed to the see of Geneva. A Benedictine convent was established here, of which there are now no remains: a small church behind our inn is said to have belonged to it. On returning from our evening walk, we looked into this little church; all was in the deepest obscurity, excepting the spot where a small lamp is kept burning.

It called forth a devout wish, that thus might Faith in our breasts continue unquenched through the dark mazes of life.

We returned, loth to withdraw our eyes from Mont Blanc, over whose clear summit we observed three bright stars; it was, I believe, Orion's belt that served for the sparkling diadem.

The next morning, I got up, hoping to see a beautiful sunrise, but with Portius, I might have said—

> "The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
> And heavily in clouds brings on the day."

Big—not with the fate of Rome—but with my visit to the Glacier. We waited in vain for sunshine until noon, and then finding no change for the better, we set off in *chars à bancs* (notwithstanding a small drizzling rain) to the Glacier of Bossons.

After driving a few miles, we alighted at the foot of a mountain, when our guide presented each of us with a baton—not such as excited the ambition of the great military commanders of

France, but a long stick with an iron spike at the end; we found them very useful, as the steep path we ascended was made slippery by the rain that fell last night. We mounted about a mile and a half before reaching the object of our expedition. Of this Glacier we had a different view from those of Grindelwald and Rosenlaui, which we had seen at their termination. The Glacier of Bossons differs in being an unbroken mass of frozen snow for a considerable distance above the point, where it ends on the level ground. Pyramids of ice do not rise out of their deep bed for a long way from thence; so we climbed over all obstacles to the side of the Glacier, where we had a full view of them. They are at this present time—the end of September—from eighty to ninety feet high; they had been, our guide told us, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in stature, before the summer heat and latter rains diminished them to such comparative pigmies. They are of the same tint of pure light and deeper blue that I have before described, and which, I under-

stand, is the common livery of the whole race of glaciers.

The masses of heavy leaden-coloured clouds behind the icebergs shewed their brilliancy in a striking manner. We sat on a huge embankment that runs parallel with, and consists of stones and rocks thrown out by, the glacier. Combined with these objects, we saw gloomy forests, a dark threatening sky, and heard roaring torrents. We felt it to be a solemn place; and yet, not far from thence, as we retraced our steps, I gathered pansies and other delicate pretty flowers, which, springing on our path in such an unlooked-for situation, seemed to come forth to re-assure and tell us that God is beneficent and kind, as well as awful and sublime. At such moments, the soul acknowledges its incapacity to comprehend the majesty of the grander, or the perfection of the smaller, of His works—the overpowered mind rests in mute praise.

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On reaching our *chars,* and finding ourselves

but little tired, we went to another glacier, from whence issues the large river Arveron. Here also, our guide led us to the side of the Glacier des Bois; just in front of what had been an immense arch, which only fell in three weeks ago. Previously, we were told, it was most beautiful; like that we saw at Grindelwald, with the difference of being more than twice as large in all its proportions. I did not know until to-day that the falling-in of the arch occurs every year — like the flower of the *gum cistus*, that each night drops its leaves, which morning renews; so here, the glacier's arch, only of longer duration, is periodically cast down and rebuilt; and thus "hope springs eternal in the human breast," embodying new forms, whilst no trace remains of its past creations. The arch continues every year in high beauty for a few months, then breaks down, and dissolves. This latter process is now going on, and the Arveron rushes out in two large torrents on either side of frozen masses. At a little distance, the divided torrents meet like friends that had been separated, and flow on together,

a rapid river, into the vale of Chamouny. And now, having related our adventures of the past day, I will lay my pen and myself at rest, for some hours at least.

LETTER XLI.

Chamouny.

THIS morning was just the opposite of yesterday—being bright and clear, as that was sombre. We set off on mules, each with a *conducteur*, soon after breakfast, for Le Montanvert, the ascent of which mountain is frightfully steep; it was like going upstairs for miles, on rugged stones: it is several thousand feet above the vale of Chamouny. The narrow path we pursued went zig-zag, barely allowing room to turn from one angle to another.

I often wished that my bonnet more closely resembled horses' winkers, so as effectually to shut out the awful declivity, down which we should have rolled (where the tall pines were dwindled in our view to the size of petty shrubs) had man or beast

made a single false step: however, by holding my parasol on the left side, where the danger lay, at which I rarely took a peep, I was enabled to get on pretty well. Our route lay through a forest of dark pines and lighter larches intermingled. We sometimes saw a long line of both, prostrated and decaying, where winter torrents had borne them downwards.

The guide, a very intelligent man, amused us by his conversation, and beguiled me of my fears by telling of the remarkable persons he had conducted on this same expedition: amongst others were the two ex-empresses of France,—Josephine in 1810, and Marie Louise in 1814.

There being no royal road over the Montanvert to the Mer-de-Glace, I was astonished at their encountering such difficulties as I was experiencing whilst listening to the account of their exploits. "Josephine," he said, "was much the handsomer, although the older lady; 'et la plus gracieuse, quoiqu'elle fut triste.'"

Marie Louise scarcely spoke at all; and he often observed her weeping. Had she shewn more

firmness of purpose and moral courage, in defending the crown entrusted to her keeping, perhaps she would have shed fewer tears for its loss.—"To be weak, is to be miserable, doing or suffering."

I must believe the account of our guide (an elderly, respectable man) to be true, and that he did conduct over the Montanvert, as he related, those two illustrious ladies, in some points so similarly circumstanced,—each just unseated from the throne of France;—her husband the wonder of his age. It certainly was remarkable that they should visit, at so short a distance of time, the same place, with no doubt the same object —to divert their thoughts from their lost greatness, or happiness, as it might be, by turning them to the sublime works of Nature, which here "expand the spirit, not appal."

Our guide was so good a *raconteur,* that he plunged me into a moralising reverie, that withdrew me from outward objects, as effectually as any sleep that a Mesmerian doctor could have achieved. I was aroused by his telling me that we were on the mountain's top. On raising my eyes from the

ground, I saw with astonishment before me, what appeared to be the Cathedral of Rheims aloft in the skies. My thoughts glanced quick as lightning to the winged angels, who had made their way more sure than carrier-pigeons, and borne through the air the Lady of Loretto's house from one kingdom to another; but I soon perceived I was misled by an optical deception, for what so strikingly resembled in general form the sharp gothic-pointed entrance of the aforesaid cathedral, is a mass of unbroken rock, the Aiguille de Dru, which

"As a wedge, pierces its way to heaven."

Close beside it is another apparently lesser "Aiguille," but in reality it is at a considerable distance, and the loftiest of these twin-brothers, which were both, probably, produced by some great convulsion of Nature, such as geologists can tell us of, faithfully as parish registers record the births and deaths of past and present generations.

We alighted at a cottage, dignified with the name of "Pavilion:" we seated ourselves outside,

that we might, while resting, enjoy the wondrous scene.

We were surrounded by rocky mountains,—all pinnacles, of every imaginable variety of shape and gradation, excepting at one end, from whence issued, in a gradual descent, the huge Mer-de-Glace, that looks as if a sea, when it ran mountains high, had been stiffened into "noiseless billows."

Our *compagnons de voyage* pointed out the direction in the Mer-de-Glace where "le Jardin" is situated: adventurous pedestrians, starting from the Pavilion, reach it in five hours; and find that "living flowers," not only—as Coleridge says—"skirt the eternal frost," but grow, in the midst of it, perennial and luxuriant; for we were told every variety of Alpine flower—a numerous family, is to be seen expanding its light petals in the dreary waste, where shaggy bears, "all horrid," would seem to be the natural productions, as they are of the Polar snows.

When we had heard related all that our guides, who often visit it, could tell of "le Jardin dans la Glace," and they had described the flowers,

"in thousand liveries dight," which are there "born to blush unseen," we set off, scrambling down a precipitous path, to the Mer-de-Glace, which extends for a considerable space so level, though covered with icy pyramids, as to admit of being walked upon.

I proceeded, leaning upon the strong arm of my guide, and he found or made a footing for me amongst the ridges of ice, for the most part many feet higher than ourselves. With a hatchet he broke steps in some of the least precipitous, enabling me to mount the "noiseless billows;" and in doing so, I felt somewhat of the awe of the Disciple, who said, "Lord, save me; or I perish."

We had nearly crossed the Mer-de-Glace when one of our men amused us by pushing down his stick into some of the innumerable narrow chasms in the ice, which disclose pale blue water beneath. No sooner did he put his stick down its whole length than up it jumped, from being lighter than the water, and unable to take any other direction than back to the hand that sent it. I was reminded of a kind of toy I have often seen

driven forwards by a spring, the instant a cover was removed that pressed it down.

We were not in haste to quit a place which exceeded all that our imaginations had pictured of the marvellous scene; but our experienced guides warned us against delaying too long, lest the shadows of evening might overtake us on our journey homewards.

We returned by a different path—if path it could be called, where path was none but what we made for ourselves by pushing our way through shrubs of rhododendron that covered the ground; gathering from them bunches, some in bud, and others full of the berries that had succeeded the last flowers.

As we went forwards, our attention was arrested by a great piece of level stone or rock, on which were deeply cut the names of Pococke and Wyndham, 1741. It is exactly a century ago, since those enterprising travellers made known to their countrymen the vale of Chamouny and the Mer-de-Glace. Underneath the aforesaid rock is a cavern, where it is said that they and other

tourists have reposed, for "weariness can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth finds the down pillow hard."

Until of late years, that an Englishman built a hut near the spot where the Pavilion now stands, there was no sort of shelter to be had (with the exception of the cavern) from the tremendous storms that suddenly burst here, as in all Alpine regions. One of the men remarked, that it would be well for the daring spirits who ascend Mont Blanc, if such a refuge as the cavern affords could be discovered. Twenty-four persons only, besides guides, have ever accomplished that perilous expedition. Some lives have been lost in making the attempt. Sixteen of the successful adventurers were Englishmen, who are always foremost in deeds of enterprise and courage. It has been truly said, though our fields and groves do not exhibit the florid beauty which is to be found in other countries, that

"Souls are ripen'd in our northern sky."

When it is known that a daring youth, accom-

panied by guides, intends making the ascent, all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and visiters from every direction, flock in crowds to those parts of the opposite mountains whence they can have the best view of the party who intend going where it would seem that the eagle might scarce dare to soar. They are watched and gazed upon with glasses and telescopes; their ladder of ropes is anxiously descried suspended from one icy precipice to another, until the light fails; and prayers for their safety arise, mingling with those of the coming vespers.

One of our attendants, a fine young man, told us that he desired above all things to perform this feat; but that his parents would not give their consent, and on no account will he oppose them. Another of our muleteers informed us, that he had been earning a much better livelihood than he does at present at some business in Paris, when his father died, two months after he had been to England with three chamois, that a gentleman desired to have in his park. The poor man probably suffered from fatigue and from

economising too far the liberal sum given to him, and which he was anxious to bring as little diminished as possible to his family. He brought wealth to them, but died from his exertions and extreme self-denial. The son returned to live at home, as he expressed, "pour soulager sa mère." I do not pretend to say that the gentle virtues of the peasant world have fled from the plains, but certainly they appear to me of unusual growth amongst the mountaineers with whom I have been latterly much acquainted.

* * * * *

I was glad, on reaching the Pavilion midst Alpine heights, to "sit me down," not, however, "a pensive hour to spend," but to employ one in partaking heartily of the homely fare presented to us. We were asked to write our names in a large book, containing also lines more or less good, written by wayfarers like ourselves.

We were assured the volume could once boast of an original verse or two from the pen of Josephine, and that the page had been cut out

by some treacherous hand. If she were indeed a poet, she might possibly have added some valuable lines to that masterpiece — The vanity of human wishes! A few more poetic effusions from persons as remarkable in various ways, would render the manuscript of the Pavilion of not inferior value to one of the Sibyl's books.

Whether my nerves were braced with the mountain air, or they were rendered less susceptible of alarm by my having traversed the Mer-de-Glace, I cannot say; but on going down the Montanvert, I was able, undisturbed by the smallest apprehension, to dwell upon every feature of the magnificent prospect spread out around us: the beauty of which was heightened by glowing aërial tints cast upon the mountains, their warmth contrasting finely with the cold aspect of the great Glacier de Bois as it descended into the green sunny valley beneath. As we advanced, we could distinguish the ruined arch, and hear the rushing Arveron, whose source in the glacier we employed part of yesterday in examining.

I have endeavoured — very imperfectly I am aware — to convey to you some of the delightful impressions made upon my mind during the past day; and now I am more than ready to say Gute Nacht!

LETTER XLII.

Martigny.

We should have stayed longer at Chamouny but that the fear of being inconveniently late in crossing the Simplon decided our leaving it without farther delay. We set out on mules, to go by the mountain pass of the Tête Noir to Martigny, where it was settled that our carriage, left at Vevay, should meet us. For several miles after turning our backs on Chamouny, all beauty of scenery wholly disappeared, and every thing looked most bleak and desolate. Although the mountains on both sides of the road are not high, vegetation seemed at a perfect stand, excepting that amongst rugged stones there capriciously grew some delicate flowers, such as in the gay parterre

I had "from childhood's dawn still welcomed yearly."

The dreariness is much increased by the whole valley being covered with loose stones; looking as if a hail-storm, that ought to have fallen in Brobdingnag, had, by mistake, directed its course to our *juste milieu* part of the world. It was strange, in such an ungenial situation, to find some of the loveliest treasures of our gardens. I think it was Goethe who said that he looked upon every opening flower as a "newly-uttered word of God;" and those blossoms spoke to our hearts cheeringly, in the midst of otherwise unvaried gloom and barrenness.

Sterility I can imagine to partake of the sublime, when its accompaniments are on a great scale, but such was not the case there—though all was rude and rugged, nothing was grand in its dimensions; even the water was shallow, and flowed languidly—the powers of nature seemed more than half suspended; and if the phrase, "reculer pour sauter," could be applied to any thing of the sort, it was exactly in that region. At only a

short distance from the specimen of paralysed nature we had been contemplating, up rose the mountains to a stupendous height, covered with trees, and abounding with the most luxuriant vegetation. I fancy the change could hardly appear more sudden or surprising, if one shut their eyes in Siberia, and opened them in the Garden of the Hesperides, so great and unexpected was the transition.

Little chalets and patches of green meadows could with some effort be just perceived, high up as the eagle's nest. The guide told us the inhabitants ascend to the fields cultivated above their dwellings, by means of ladders from one steep to another, like sailors going up the rigging of a ship. The space between the mountains is too narrow to be called a valley, and there a brawling, full, rushing river, encountered rocks of prodigious size; enormous masses of every variety of form lay around in wild profusion, as though mountains had been rent asunder, and their fragments hurled to and fro by contending powers. Yet was there nothing terrific in the scene—all of that was

merged in beauty, by the rich foliage on which the glowing tints of autumn were spread—these banished gloom, as the rainbow's span illumines a darkened sky, and dissipates its terrors.

The boundary line was pointed out to us, dividing the territory of Savoy from that of the canton of the Valais, now united to, and forming part of Switzerland. The road we had just traversed is extremely bad, and forms a great contrast to that we entered upon newly made by the spirited Valaisans, accomplished under such difficult circumstances; such mighty obstacles being overcome, as prove the high degree of skill possessed by their engineers.

We enjoyed the benefit of it in more ways than the obvious one for some hours; by being set free from all apprehension of danger or inconvenience, we could give ourselves up with unmixed pleasure, to the contemplation of the astonishing beauty and grandeur of the pass of the Tête Noir.

We descended by a long and very steep road to Martigny: I have descanted so often on the miles of rugged stones, I have slipped, tumbled,

leaped, and run over, all at the same time, that I shall confine myself to a hint of the latter part of our progress here being effected in such wise.

* * * * *

From our windows, we can see the fine ruin of a round tower, a portion of the fortifications erected by the Romans to guard this entrance into Italy; but vain were all such defences, northern hordes pressed onwards, themselves destined subsequently to lose in their rich acquisitions on the banks of the Po and the Arno, the barbaric strength and power that made them the conquerors of the conquerors of the world, mingling with whom, they sank together in prostrate weakness.

"Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar,
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And where the deluge burst, in sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows."

LETTER XLIII.

Martigny.

Not having yet had enough of "les belles horreurs," we set off from hence, in *chars à banc*, for the Great Saint Bernard, about twenty-eight miles distant. It was so fitful a day, that I felt like the traveller, for the honour of casting aside whose cloak the sun and wind had such a sharp contest; both those powerful agents assailed me at once, but not, however, with such force as to compel me to resign my mantle.

The road by which we gradually ascended a high mountain is very good. The full river Dranse crosses it more than once, but generally speaking, both wind their course together for several miles, through land well cultivated, after

the manner of the Swiss, every bit of grass kept finely mown; and in the present instance occasionally intermixed with patches of Indian corn.

At the village of Liddes, about half way, the mountains cease to be cultivated, and are richly clothed with wood. We observed attached to all the doors of Liddes, and to those of some scattered hamlets also, a cross composed of two bundles of straw tied together, and mingled with bunches of withered flowers. Some high wooden crosses were at the road side, decorated in the same way, their long garlands not yet fallen. We heard all these were so placed on Saint John's day, in the month of June. I recollected that in Ireland on the eve of that Saint's day, fires are lighted on the hills to propitiate his favour for the cattle—and I believe amongst the Pagans some such custom can be dated farther back than the Christian era.

At Liddes we exchanged our chars for mules; and after proceeding a few miles on a good road, we entered on one which is suffered to continue in its old and desperately bad state. We were

shewn the spot where Napoleon's horse fell under him, when he with his army, was making his celebrated passage to conquer Italy. We do not hear of his using vinegar to melt rocks (although some portion of Thieve's vinegar was probably amongst his baggage); but we suspect now it it was not vinegar the Carthaginian applied, but the same description of moral and physical power as was employed by the later hero. It is said, that when the horse broke down that carried the modern Cæsar and his fortunes, he must have been killed on the spot but for the presence of mind and skill of his guide, to whom he afterwards gave employment in Paris, and a pension for life. The field where he pitched his tents, was also pointed out by one of our attendants who had seen them when a boy. There is no memorial left to distinguish that once busy scene, which, like

> "Linden, saw another sight,
> When the drums beat at dead of night."

We next, in our progress, passed the village

of Saint Pierre, which is distinguished by the remains of old Roman fortifications of great strength, intended to guard a narrow pass. As we advanced, vegetation ceased, excepting that of stunted lichens on the rocky mountains by which we were surrounded; all of them indescribably bleak, dreary, and barren. Some high points before us were covered with snow, which would have appeared a comfortable mantle or decent winding-sheet, had it been extended to the harsh denuded objects in view. On all sides the scenery was rude, and savage beyond conception, unredeemed by any thing whatever, either grand or beautiful; it all looked like what one might fancy the refuse of chaotic matter that had so remained from the creation. There was not even the variety or interest afforded by precipices. The stony rugged way we pursued led up a continued ascent, which became very steep and difficult for man or beast, and desolation ruled with undivided empire.

We had been rather more than nine hours *en route,* the daylight fast departing added to the

deep gloom and frowning aspect of all around, when we came to a rude hut, having one or two windows composed of bars of iron; it was pointed out to us as the Chapelle des Morts, where the bodies of travellers found dead in the vicinity are deposited; we shuddered and went on, and soon reached a glacier that proceeds from the neighbouring mountains. It never melts but in a very slight degree; persons are often lost in crossing it, in consequence of the wind from above driving the snow, which becomes small as dust, with tremendous and overwhelming rapidity. We passed over, and happily escaped all danger, though our mules had great difficulty, and I often feared would have sunk in making the *trajet*. At no great distance from the glacier stands the Hospice, which we gained by a rugged ascent just as it became quite dark. Two monks bearing lights were at the door to receive us, our coming had been announced by some pedestrians who preceded our party. Never before was I so rejoiced to reach my destination at the end of a fatiguing day's journey.

We were shewn into a long, low room; at one end of which is a fireplace, which was enlivened by a good wood-fire, at the other are two small windows. A long narrow table stands in the middle, and another in one corner, and these, with chairs, and a few prints on the walls, compose the whole furniture; for a piano, given by some benevolent lady, which finds a place during the short summer, is removed to a warmer apartment occupied by the monks, where we were not allowed to enter. Preparations had been made for supper, which soon appeared; it being a *jour maigre,* no meat was produced to satisfy our keen appetites.

The two monks sat down with us: before one of them was placed a large pewter tureen of *soupe au lait;* this was followed by very well-dressed salt-fish, and potatoes; then came a most excellent dish, composed of rice and apples, in the form of small cakes. I wish I could get my *chef de cuisine* to manufacture something of the sort, and which should be called fritters à la Saint Bernard; stewed apples, dressed plain, were next put down; cheese,

and some dried fruits closed the repast, which was sufficiently good, and rendered very agreeable by the monks' conversation. They are well-looking men, of about thirty years of age: their dress, made of fine black cloth, is particularly becoming; it buttons down to the ancle, the body and sleeves only are tight; a split white band, worn by members of the Augustine order, passes across the breast, and is fastened in at one side by the girdle; a black cap, rather high, narrowing to the top, which is closed in by a full tuft of worsted, fits tight to the head; altogether it is the handsomest and most graceful clerical dress I have seen. These gentlemen very obligingly answered all our queries, which were not a few; their manners are sedate, dignified, and marked by the most polite attention to their guests.

The mountain on which the Hospice is situated, was, in ancient times, called Mons Jovis, there having been a temple dedicated to Jupiter, whose favour travellers endeavoured to propitiate during their perilous passage to and from Italy. Whether ignorant or instructed, human beings,

feeling the mysteries of nature, which surround and are in themselves, seek for supernatural aid in the hour of danger: it is a sure instinct which leads us to resort to a higher, though not always to a rightly-understood power. "The poor Indian sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;" and all, of every kind, with but few unhappy exceptions, resort to him, in extremity at least, whether calling on him as "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

After the overthrow of the Roman Empire, Mons Jovis was an especial haunt of robbers and brigands, who waylaid travellers where there were none to help them. Bertrand de Monthon, of the House of Savoy, about nine hundred years ago, founded this establishment, where, ever since, the true God has been worshipped on the ruins of the Idol temple: fortunately for the wayfaring man "he did not put his light under a bushel," for he built the Hospice on the highest habitable land in Europe. The rules laid down by the founder are strictly observed; not only are all travellers who present themselves received, and

hospitably entertained; but the finest race of dogs are kept, and trained to search for the exhausted forlorn beings who lose themselves in the snow, and sometimes perish, notwithstanding all exertions to save them. We had observed high posts along our rugged path as we approached the convent; they are placed to indicate its direction when the snow is deep, but are often blown down; and when even the experienced servants of the establishment cannot perceive the least trace of the road, the dogs can find it, and their sagacity and smell enable them to discover unfortunate beings enveloped in their snow shroud. This road, affording the most direct communication between France and Piedmont, poor people venture upon it, at all times and at all hazards. How little do the rich think of the hardships their fellow-creatures too often undergo in seeking for a bare subsistence! There is no text in Scripture which strikes me as so appalling for those to whom it is applicable, as, "Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus likewise evil," etc.

Whilst the good works of many pious persons fall into decay, as the state of society alters, the commiseration of this friend of humanity, Bernard de Menthon, is found hitherto as enduring as the laws of nature; some of the rigours arising from which have been for centuries alleviated by his philanthropy. *He* likewise erected another hospice, at the distance of forty leagues: it stands at the top of a very high mountain, though not so, by comparison with the greater establishment, and is called—after the founder—the Lesser Saint Bernard.

There also is a much-frequented road into Italy, by which it is said, and now, I suppose, generally believed, that Hannibal effected the passage of his army from Spain,—an achievement that has excited the admiration of all ages, and given rise to fables, to which I have already alluded, respecting the means he employed to subdue obstacles previously considered insurmountable.

A circle of stones, I am told, marks the spot where, according to tradition, he held a council; many of his followers, probably, murmuring at

pursuing their way through unknown dangers. Like Columbus, he may have had more difficulty in conquering minds, not fashioned as his own, than he had in subduing rocks, or than the great mariner found in tracing an untried path on the ocean to a New World. Both heroes attained their objects, and were so far happy, although neglected: the one, besides neglect, experiencing cruel ingratitude from his countrymen, and the other meeting endless vexation and disappointment at the hands of his employers.

Saint Bernard sought for, and desired no worldly recompense; his desire he accomplished, —by affording succour, under the most trying circumstances, to the weary and distressed; and doubtless, his deeds of mercy have been rewarded to himself, as they have been blessed to others.

The Lesser Saint Bernard was placed under the jurisdiction of the greater establishment, and governed by the same rules. Thus it continued until about eighty years ago, when the Duke of Savoy claimed the possession. A proceeding at law ensued, and the decree was given in favour

of the monks of the Great Saint Bernard: I conclude the suit was not conducted in Savoy. Notwithstanding — according to the fable of the lion sharing the spoil — the Duke seized upon the convent in his dominions, with all the rights and property thereunto belonging. He did not, however, altogether counteract the will of the founder; for one ecclesiastic lives in the Hospice, and exercises the hospitality claimed by travellers willing to pay for their entertainment.

At the Great Saint Bernard, twelve or fifteen monks usually reside. The novices enter at eighteen, their education having been previously conducted by the elder members of the society; it being in fact necessary, while the constitution is robust, that youths should be *acclimaté* to the dreadful rigours that must be endured by those who remain there. For a fortnight before our visit, in the end of a beautiful September, an unvarying thick fog had enveloped the mountain; though we, during the same period, had enjoyed bright sunshine, with the exception of one or two days.

Every morning it freezes on Mont Saint Bernard, and only for four months in the year do the inhabitants experience any relaxation of the severest winter. A small lake close to the Hospice, generally frozen, was not once melted during a recent summer.

The youths who are candidates for the austerities of the life led by those who are thus lifted above the world and its sunshine, pay eighteen pounds on entering the convent, which they may leave at the end of a year if they please, without any loss of caste; but such change of purpose seldom or never occurs. If they remain, they make no farther payment—they give their time and energies to the fulfilment of the noble purposes of the establishment; which is done so effectually, that there have been, within a few years, great additions made to the house. Besides the monks and servants, sixty persons of the higher class can be accommodated very comfortably; and equally so, though in a more homely manner, from four to five hundred pilgrims, who flock in vast numbers, on certain occasions during the summer, to pay

their homage at the shrine of Saint Bernard. Very near, and opposite to the dwelling, is a smaller one, having a high wall in the rear, surrounded by an immense mass of piled-up stones. This building serves in part for entertaining the pilgrims in fine weather, and in winter it breaks the avalanches, that often come in the same direction, and which would otherwise injure, if not entirely destroy the convent itself, where the monks reside.

The head-quarters of the order are at another convent, in Martigny, to which the monks of the Great Saint Bernard retire, when advancing life makes it impossible for them to continue in so dreary an abode, or longer to endure the rigours of the climate they have braved in their younger days. The period of changing their habitation is determined by the state of their health and age; some remain stationary for twenty-five or thirty years, others not so long. The two reverend gentlemen, our hosts, have lived in the convent for ten and twelve years. They told us, that once during summer, and again in winter, the

whole fraternity are allowed, each in turn, fifteen days' recreation, which they spend in going to see their respective friends or in travelling;—an excellent regulation on various accounts; and besides, when the weather admits of going out, certain hours in the week are allotted for their rambling amongst the neighbouring mountains, where, though sterility precludes botanising, perchance, they may find "books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones;" but at all events, to persons situated as they are, "the common air and sky" must be, if not "an opening Paradise," yet, doubtless, sources of high and healthful enjoyment.

After supper we drew round the fire, and chatted until half-past nine o'clock — the latest hour to which we could venture to detain our hosts, who get up at present at four o'clock in the morning, and they will rise at five during the winter, at which latter hour their service in the chapel now begins, and after a short cessation re-commences again at six; as we had an opportunity of observing, as we attended it in a gallery opening from the Dormitory.

Candles were lighting in all directions, and I was surprised to see, at that early hour, from fifty to sixty peasants, who must have walked several miles from the neighbouring villages. Saremy, the nearest, is in Sardinia, and two miles distant.

It being Sunday, they had leisure long before the dawn to set out on their expedition. A fog as thick as any which, sometimes during November, in London, converts day into night, enveloped us on all sides; we could not exclaim, that "jocund day stood tip-toe on the mountain's top," for all was cheerless and obscure. It was fortunate for the world, that the chances of life did not cast Guido on Mount Saint Bernard, or the splendid conception of his Aurora would have been lost to it—but the gay and elegant mythology, which ofttimes lent to Truth a fancy dress most captivating, never afforded for the painter's pencil a scene half so impressive as that of the kneeling peasants before the altar; for the worship to be offered there, they had sacrificed the repose, so welcome to the tillers

of the earth, and had plodded their way in the midst of gloom and darkness: perhaps, indeed, a star may have directed them aright, like the shepherds of old, to the spot where we saw them presenting the incense of praise and thanksgiving. We remained in the chapel, notwithstanding the extreme cold, until the morning service was over, at half-past seven. We then went to breakfast in the room where we had supped; very good coffee was prepared, and handed round by a man servant. I asked the presiding Monk if it was not difficult to get servants—he said, "not at all,—there are always candidates enough when one is wanted; and only the ordinary wages of the country are given, five pounds a year."

Our host made many inquiries as to the state of England and Ireland. Two French newspapers and one Sardinian are received at the convent every week; he seemed well acquainted with all that is going on in our political world, and I think I may with some reason say, "the attention of Europe is fixed on us,"—a speech

with which, Baron Grimm informs us, Vestris, the great French opera dancer of his day, dismissed his son when going from Paris to Russia. That such is the case, without possessing an undue degree of national vanity, all English people must, I imagine feel, on visiting the Continent, where every thing relating to our United Kingdom seems to afford matter of intense interest.

The monk told me they had very few visiters during the past summer, in consequence of our late general election; when that was over, the number rapidly increased. This subject led him to speak of the disturbances that had occurred in England, of the Chartists and their riotous proceedings, of the unsettled state of Ireland, etc.; of all which he has exaggerated notions, and appears to think us in a bad way in a political point of view. I endeavoured to explain to him that popular commotions frequently take place in a free country, without leading to any but temporary evils.

Perceiving that I did not make a very satis-

factory progress in my attempt to enlighten him on the subject of the British constitution, the spirit of our laws, etc.; and being conscious of my inability to do justice to those topics—moreover, not having spare time to listen to his opinions on them, which I suspected would be as little informing to me as mine had been to him,—I inquired if there was any thing besides the dogs for us to see; he obligingly got up, and opened a hitherto imperceptible door which led into a small room, and there the first object that met my view, was one of the best prints (framed) of our own Gracious Queen and her lover-husband by her side. In such a place, so unexpectedly to recognise that fair face, could not fail to warm and excite the feelings of any British heart. I turned to our host, and in reference to our immediate conversation, asked him if she did not look like some mild benignant being, sent to us by Heaven to direct the whirlwind, and allay the storm arising from tumultuous passions and conflicting interests. He replied very courteously, that it is fortunate for our

country that we have a Sovereign who lives in the hearts of her subjects; and that it is of the last importance to them at the present moment, to have on the throne one whose conduct ensures loyalty and attachment:—here I had no difference of opinion whatever from the reverend gentleman. He next proceeded to point out the likenesses of other remarkable personages, popes and temporal monarchs; amongst those of the latter is one of Bonaparte, when, at the head of his troops, he was effecting the passage of the Great Saint Bernard; his Bucephalus, like its rider (whose uplifted arm seems raised to encourage and command), looks formed to overcome all obstacles.

The high Alps are well depicted; the animal's flowing mane and the Emperor's garments driven in the same direction by an adverse wind or storm in vain opposing their onward course, accompanied by a lurid sky, render the picture a representation of great physical and moral power.

There are also in the same small room, that

contains the portraits, some glass-cases filled with a collection of ancient Roman coins, from the beginning of the Consular period downwards, and also great numbers of votive tablets; these have all been found around the Convent. Some of both kinds are still frequently discovered, as well as small finely executed figures in bronze, which no doubt once adorned the Temple of Jupiter.

We were shewn, likewise, a small natural history collection of stones, insects, etc., etc., which, probably, form a great source of amusement to the inmates of the house.

Our next move was towards the Library, *en passant:* in one of the galleries we saw a large black marble tablet, bearing a Latin inscription, recording the gratitude of the Valaisans to Bonaparte, for the benefits he conferred on them; and stating that he had twice passed by Mons Jovis, on his way to conquer Italy and Egypt: no allusion, of course, was made to a little rencontre he had at the latter place with certain Englishmen; and his consequent defeat, being

termed victory, proves that other inscriptions can be "as lying as an epitaph."

He remained, on both occasions of his passing the Great Saint Bernard, several hours at the Convent, where the tradition is, that he shewed great interest in the Institution; and he certainly granted it some substantial proofs of his favour.

Having made our comments on the tablet, we proceeded to the apartment, of moderate size, called the Library; which, we conjectured, contains about four hundred volumes; these are chiefly Theological, but not altogether: Profane History has a place on the shelves, and Natural History a still larger. Our obliging Cicerone shewed us a superbly-illuminated manuscript, done in the Hospice at some former time. By their exemption from ordinary business, Monks must have as much leisure now as they ever possessed. Yet we don't hear, in the present day, of learned or curious works being executed, similar to those which have made posterity debtors to the fraternities of old. The change, no doubt, is in a great measure owing to the Printing-press, which

supersedes the necessity for their labours, and also affords them amusement, through the medium of newspapers, for no doubt they find

> "'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
> To peep at such a world; to see the stir
> Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
> To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
> At a safe distance, where the dying sound
> Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."

I know of nothing that promotes idleness half so much as newspapers; and I suppose they produce the same effect upon those who live out of, as on such as live in, the world.

We were shewn a "Polybius," presented by the Duke of Portland; a copy of "Brockendon's Beautiful and Interesting Views of the Passes of the Alps," given by the author; and a "New Testament," embellished with fine engravings, the gift of a lady residing at Vevay. Persons confer great kindness by adding to the Library, which must, during long and cheerless winters, constitute a great source of rational occupation and interest to men who do so much good, and suffer so many privations.

To the assistants of their deeds of mercy we next turned our attention, and went to a lower apartment to visit the dogs: they are fine noble-looking creatures, seven in number, mostly of a reddish-brown colour, and all of uncommonly large size; they came up to us in the most familiar manner, rubbing their sides against our dress; they seem fully to understand that they are entitled to take liberties, from their being the faithful, courageous friends of the human race. In general they are very successful in their vocation; but we were told of a sad circumstance that happened a few years ago, when two of them were, at a particularly dangerous time, taken by three servants, to look for travellers: they met one, with whom they were returning to the convent, when an avalanche overwhelmed them, and all perished together, except one of the dogs, whose extraordinary strength and activity enabled him to effect an escape. A mother and her child were amongst the latest victims.

Snow, generally, lies several feet deep around the Hospice; but in a severe winter it is frequently drifted to the height of forty feet.

Our compliments to the dogs being sufficiently paid, we were invited to look at some dead bodies that have been found in the immediate neighbourhood: they are, I understand, wonderfully preserved from decay, by the extreme coldness of the air, and its free passage through the place where they are kept; but we declined making our own observations; we did not think a view of them would enliven our spirits, as we should, in a few hours, travel the ground where many of the victims had perished.

The Convent, at the outside, is a long, low, plain building, with small double windows. We wished very much to see the view towards Italy: the fog being so dense, rendered it impossible.

Fortunately for travellers, the Swiss were able to establish their claim to the Great Saint Bernard against the pretensions of the Sardinian government, by bulls from Leo IX. to Benoit XIV., in consequence of its being in the diocese of Sion; although in the canton of the Valais, the possessions of the Hospice, on one side, extend but to the middle of the lake, which is within

a hundred yards. A column is fixed in the water to mark the boundary; beyond this, all the property belonging to the monks was seized upon at the same time as the Lesser Saint Bernard, by the Sardinian government, and ever since they have had to pay rent for a small portion of what was formerly their own, and which affords pasture for their cows, called La Vacherie.

After visiting the chapel, which we had only seen from a gallery, and examining a bas-relief monument, erected by order of Bonaparte, to the memory of General Desaix, who is buried there—he was killed at the Battle of Marengo—we dropped our contribution into the box, "pour les aumones," placed at a little distance from the monument. Nothing whatever was said to us on the subject, but the wealthier visiters, I imagine, never fail to leave some money, thereby aiding in the assistance given to the poor, which could not otherwise be continued, as the lands bequeathed for the purpose have been laid hold on by the strong arm of power.

It would have delayed us too long, had we

remained for the service about to re-commence in the chapel at eleven o'clock, so we quickly despatched our preparations, and took leave of our obliging hosts, expressing ourselves to be, as we felt, most grateful for the kindness we had experienced.

A thick drizzling mist, or something worse, enveloped us on setting off from Saint Bernard. We hoped the eternal clouds that settle on that mountain's head would confine themselves to it; and that on getting down, we should find sunshine awaiting us. Grievously we were disappointed; for as soon as we reached our old acquaintance, the glacier, the rain fell heavily, and so continued the whole of the day.

A lady and gentleman who left the Hospice an hour after us, have since told me it was snowing when they set off. The snow we fortunately escaped, but no party descending from Olympus to our earth was ever more encompassed than ourselves by clouds. They were rolling above, beneath, and around us, producing endless changes and variety as they hung upon

the different ranges of mountains, throwing some forwards by resting behind them in fleecy whiteness; and by half enveloping others, adding to their vast undefined proportions, lost in dim obscurity. The scenery through which our road lay, appeared very different from what it had done in the brightness of the previous day—yet we looked upon that part where dreariness ended, with renewed admiration, and certainly not with dry eyes, for there was nothing dry about us when we reached Martigny: and as our cars had not been drawn, during our descent from Mons Jovis, by doves, peacocks, or horses, but only by poor mules, we were glad, on their account as well as our own, when we got safe to the end of our journey.

LETTER XLIV.

Brieg.

THE morning after our return from visiting the Great Saint Bernard, "the sun looked from the clouds and laughed the storm away;" in plain prose, it shone forth in great splendour, and we were anxious to avail ourselves of so fine a day for performing a long journey to Brieg. We were, however, detained some hours by the want of horses; a great concourse of travellers on the same route, at present causes an unusual demand for them. We could not set off sufficiently early to admit of our stopping at Sion, the chief town of the Valais, longer than to change horses.

From the carriage windows, we saw the two adjoining conical-shaped hills, on whose summits stand castles. One is an extensive ruin;—it was built in 1492, and was long the Bishop's residence, who was in former times as wealthy and powerful a Seigneur as any in Switzerland. The present bishop, shorn of his beams, resides in a plain mansion in the town; but he is still invested with the dignity of convoking and presiding over the assemblies of the canton of Valais.

On the other of the two hills stand a very ancient church and castle, which latter is used as a Roman Catholic seminary; and beneath those hills are the ruins of a third castle, which was built by the governors (named Majeurs) of the Valais; it was called Majorica after them, and was burnt in 1788. We regretted not having time for more than an external view of those feudal-looking and highly picturesque old castles.

The road from Sion passes through most beautiful scenery. From amongst vine-covered slopes and wooded hills, are seen the bold, rocky

points of the Gemmi, and of other "mountains, on whose barren breast, the lab'ring clouds do often rest." We arrived late this evening at Brieg; and here, I am told, we shall take leave of the last clean inn we are likely to inhabit for some time.

* * * * *

We began, at a very early hour yesterday morning, to ascend the Simplon, over which great mountain there was formerly a rugged foot or mule path; some slight vestiges of which are still apparent.

Bonaparte conceived the idea and purpose of having a road made to facilitate the communication between France and Italy; and had his orders carried into effect in such a manner as would immortalise his name, if all the pillars and arches on which it is inscribed were mouldered into dust. When completed, he might have said, "il n'y a plus d'Alpes," with more reason than Louis XIV. exclaimed, on the occasion of his grandson's being called to the throne of Spain, "il n'y a plus de Pyrenées,"—a spirited declaration

of the Grand Monarque; and, like all his sayings, full of point and meaning.

The road over the Simplon was justly called "the most wonderful of useful works," before rail-roads and steam-engines astonished the world; and every traveller who crosses it comfortably in a carriage, must be impressed with a sense of the power of a man, who made that easy, which was previously impassable.

Of the grand scenery that surrounded us, whilst crossing the great barrier between the two countries, I feel persuaded that any description I could attempt to give, must be as inadequate to the occasion as the terms used by the man Winkelman mentions, who, on seeing for the first time in his life the open sea, in one of its very finest aspects, observed, "c'est assez jolie!" However, feebly as I may be able to convey to you my impressions, I will notice some of the different objects that must be remembered by all travellers.

Fortunately for our expedition, the morning was fine, breezy, and fresh.

The mountain of the Simplon is wholly covered with pines,

> "That as they bow, their hoary tops relate,
> In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate."

There is a mountain of equal height, separated from the Simplon by a small river. On arriving at a considerable elevation, first the top of one snow mountain is seen, then another, and another, until the Bernese Alps are beheld, as if doing homage to their queen, the Jungfrau, which appears in the midst, pre-eminent in beauty. Whilst journeying for several miles, we paid our homage also, and at length bade them all "farewell, with sweet sorrow," for much had they afforded us of pure and elevated enjoyment.

Towards the summit of the mountain, vegetation becomes very scanty, and at length almost ceases. At intervals there are six or eight small houses, numbered, and bearing the inscription, —"Refuge:" these answered the purposes of habitations for the workmen employed in making the road; and now shelter travellers, overtaken

by storms, or oppressed with fatigue. A large simple wooden cross marks the top of the mountain; and at about a mile from thence is a good-sized, substantial, plain building, inhabited by monks of the same order as those of the Great Saint Bernard, with which establishment it was placed in connexion, by its founder Bonaparte. I have lately heard that he gave an estate in Italy, called Pavie, for the maintenance of both institutions; whether they are respectively allowed to retain the possession I was not informed. We did not visit the Hospice of the Simplon: a little inn being at no great distance, where we dined.

On resuming our journey, we found the road carried along several galleries passing through the solid rock, in which are apertures cut to admit light. The last of the galleries is near six hundred feet long. It took more than one hundred men, for eighteen months, working in turns, by gangs of eight, day and night, to accomplish this passage. The rock being granite, rendered it an achievement of great difficulty.

The engineer did not merely set about perforating the rock at either end, but he also attacked it in two places laterally. The workmen were let down from above, suspended by ropes, until they had hewn for themselves a footing; and when the desideratum of Archimedes, a place to stand, was attained, though an awful precipice was beneath, they proceeded successfully with the work, and inscribed in deep and durable characters its date — Ære Italo, 1805. On leaving this gallery we were startled by the dashing of a waterfall, proceeding from a great height, and under the roaring torrent we passed in safety.

From thence the scenery changes, for some distance, to a deep ravine, between stupendously high and steep mountains, where daylight finds but a narrow entrance. To use an expression of Gray, here most applicable, "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument."

The deep-coloured rock, black as a raven's wing, denies the smallest approach to location for the pervading influences of vegetation, which, aided by those "chartered libertines," the winds of heaven, most commonly find habitations in spite of all obstacles.

The trickling water, diffused over the dark rock, gives to it the glossy purple hue of the bird of ill omen; and it would not be easy to divest oneself of a feeling of dread and dismay, on entering the gorge of the Gondo—for so this pass, considered to be as grand and sublime as any amongst the Alps, is called—but for the animation imparted by a rapid succession of water-falls that, springing forth, burst their chain, and come bounding as it were, joyously into life and liberty; like imprisoned spirits just escaped from bondage, rushing onwards mirthfully, into new-found light and happiness. A deep, foaming river beneath, is supplied partly, if not wholly, by their vast and numberless contributions.

When our descent of the Simplon was nearly made, we were asked to pay, at the Swiss barrier,

twenty-four francs—a toll well deserved—for keeping the road in such excellent repair.

From thence, for about ten miles, the road lies in the Sardinian dominions; and great is the change observable. There is every appearance of neglect on the part of that government. In one place, the original finely-made road is so far destroyed, that carriages must make a *detour* into a rugged way, amongst loose stones and rocks; and, on returning to the road again, a melancholy sight is presented:—two buttresses, of gigantic proportions, stand detached, in a wide river. The passage that did unite them, and constitute the whole a bridge, is gone. Although of so recent date, they seem, like some of the celebrated ruins of the country in which they are situated, to have no connexion with the present world, and to belong to a by-gone state of things.

We were put across, on a flying bridge, which is moved by a simple ingenious piece of machinery, rude enough, however, in comparison with the noble ruins in view, to excite the feeling—as does

the Arab's hut, supported by the fallen temple—the conviction, that civilization has gone backwards, and that the tide has ebbed where it did flow.

It is much to be regretted, that, when a new division of territory was making, when the spoil of the great Robber was divided, the whole of the passage into Italy, by the Simplon, was not suffered to belong altogether to the canton of the Valais. It will, probably, shortly become impassable, in consequence of the divided possession between two countries, whose interests lie in different ways. As far as the Simplon is concerned, the Swiss government is conservative, and the Sardinian destructive.

And now that my journey in Switzerland is ended—my tale is told, for my promise extended no farther than to relate our proceedings in the "land of the mountain and the flood," to which I have added some slight historical notices connected with the most remarkable places we saw. Our visit to Switzerland has afforded me, in various ways, far greater pleasure than I had

anticipated; amongst others, by enabling me to become acquainted with some of the inhabitants of a country so peculiarly situated, that a form of government is adapted to it which has never been found for so long a period to work well in any other. Bonaparte told them truly, "Switzerland is like no other country; its topography, the varieties in its language and religion, and still more in its manners and social habits, give peculiar features to the land and the people. Nature itself has made the country for a federal state, and it is not wise to oppose nature."

And, although it forms no model for any other country, for none is exactly similarly circumstanced, it may be viewed, standing as it does alone, with sentiments of profound admiration. That striking query, What constitutes a state? may be triumphantly answered by the Swiss people,

"Not high raised battlements and laboured mound," etc.

Ever present to their minds are the records of their ancestors' successful resistance to tyranny

and oppression. Every spot where they fought, against a Dauphin of France, against the Dukes of Austria and Burgundy, is in a manner consecrated ground, and they feel themselves "as men who their duties know, who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain." And the true spirit of patriotism which animates them is accompanied, as appears to me, with an all-pervading spirit of religion, that imparts, in some points at least, a unity of feeling and a healthy vigorous character of mind that is admirable.

In the preface to Murray's excellent "Hand-Book for Switzerland," I find the following passage: "In some of the remoter pastoral districts of Switzerland, the Alphorn supplies, on the higher pastures, where no church is near, the place of the vesper bell. The cowherd, posted on the highest peak, as soon as the sun has set, pours forth the first four or five notes of the Psalm, 'Praise God the Lord:' the same notes are repeated from distant Alps, and all within hearing, uncovering their heads and bending their knees, repeat their evening orison; after which the cattle

are penned in their stalls, and the shepherds betake themselves to rest."

The Swiss appear to me to possess the virtues of our old Puritans, with their asperities softened, and also free from their love of display and proneness to censoriousness. They are a God-fearing, and a God-loving people. No man or men stand between them and the sunshine of *His* blessings, which seem to come to them direct from heaven, and to heaven they send the unfailing incense of their ardent, ever-renewed gratitude.

The Supreme Power is present to their minds, as in the earlier relations of man to his Maker, and their little territory is stamped with the newness and vigour of beauty of His forming hand, as when the world was first "in verdure clad."

I will conclude my notices of Switzerland with the following extract from a volume of Doctor Moore's "Travels in Italy," now before me. "Why are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where nature pours forth her gifts

in such profusion, less opulent than those of the mountains of Switzerland? Because freedom, whose influence is more benign than sunshine and zephyrs, who covers the rugged rock with soil, drains the sickly swamp, and clothes the brown heath in verdure, who dresses the labourer's face with smiles, and makes him behold his increasing family with delight and exultation; Freedom has abandoned the fertile plains of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland."

We are just arrived in those said rich plains of Lombardy; and here I shall lay aside my pen. You are surrounded by works of the best authors that will give you all the information you can desire relating to this country, to do which in any useful degree, I am not competent, either as regards ancient or modern times. There have been so many 'Idlers in Italy,' who have described the present state of things, and who are so much more accomplished than I am, that my gleanings in a field so well trodden could be of little worth. I shall therefore probably not make any attempt

to portray, even for your gratification, this 'Niobe of Nations,' whose harp hangs upon the willows.

"O Italia, Italia! O tu cui die la sorte
Dono infelice di belezza oud 'hai
Funeste dote d'infiniti guai,
Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, O almen piu forte."

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by Manning and Mason, Ivy Lane, St. Paul's.